

C *International* **crossroads**

S U M M E R 1 9 9 9

Featured
stories from

France
Germany
Croatia
Greece
Hungary
Russia
Sweden
Australia
New Zealand
China



MISSOURI SOUTHERN STATE COLLEGE



Magazine a cooperative venture between many schools

Welcome to the second edition of the *International Crossroads* magazine! This issue features 33 stories written by students in 10 countries — France, Germany, Croatia, Greece, Hungary, Russia, Sweden, Australia, New Zealand, and China. Our intent is threefold: to dispel stereotypes as we get to know one another as individuals, to catch the social nuances of life in the varying cultures of the world, and to offer student journalists a broader audience with which to communicate.

A Title VI grant from the U.S. Department of Education made these first two issues possible. The grant helped fund three trips abroad in which I visited several journalism schools and asked their cooperation in several projects, including the *International Crossroads*. We also plan to launch a World Press Center at Missouri Southern State College where student journalists from other countries can attend workshops and conferences and serve internships on American media in the heartland of the United States. The first conference, dedicated to the study of intercultural journalism, is scheduled to be held on our campus June 19-23, 2000.

I'd like to tell you about a few of the individuals who made substantial contributions to this magazine. First is **Marc Capelle**, director of the department for foreign activities at the École Supérieure de Journalisme in Lille, France, who arranged for 26 of his students to write articles. ESJ, founded in 1924 and financed by the French media, has made major strides in the international arena. The school of 120 students has created a department of journalism at the University of the South Pacific in Fiji, helped set up a French-Bosnian school of journalism in Sarajevo, and conducted training sessions in Bulgaria, Vietnam, Poland, Cameroon, and Ivory Coast. ESJ also has a joint program with Laval University in Quebec in which European and North American journalists can improve their knowledge of international matters and their skill in covering them.

An up-and-coming program is the Department of Media Studies at the Universität Trier in Germany. In November 1998, I visited with its director, **Dr. Hans-Jürgen Bucher**, about a collaboration between our two institutions. Indeed, we are already cooperating in that one of my journalism students at Missouri Southern,

Michael Raska, spent the year studying at Trier. Mike wrote five articles himself for this issue of *International Crossroads* and recruited three other Trier students to write as well. The Department of Media Studies, which was established in October 1997, is on the cutting edge of communications technology with its focus on new media (online services and electronic newspapers). The campus is futuristic as well, with its modern architecture a not-so-subtle contrast with the historic city of Trier.

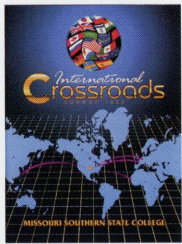
Six of the stories in this edition come courtesy of **Dr. Stjepan Malovic** and **Marijana Grbesa** from the University of Zagreb in Croatia. Dr. Malovic is the director of the International Center for Education of Journalists of Central and Eastern Europe (ICEJ) and an assistant professor in the Faculty of Political Sciences (the two major fields of study are political science and journalism). Marijana is the former editor-in-chief of *Puls*, the monthly Croatian student magazine. She and **Domagoj Bebic**, the media lab manager at the Faculty of Political Sciences, have organized two international conferences on student media on the beautiful island of Hvar.

Marijana and Domagoj's "Student Voice" organization is dedicated to the establishment of a communications network between young journalists in Europe and the United States. I hope that a partnership can be formed between our anticipated World Press Center at Missouri Southern and the "Student Voice" membership. For more information about this group and its 1999 conference, scheduled for Oct. 6-9 in Hvar, visit http://www.fpzg.hr/student_voice/.

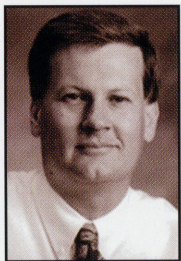
Finally, I'd like to thank Uppsala University in Sweden, Victoria University of Wellington in New Zealand, and Bond University of Queensland, Australia, for sending articles to this year's publication. Other journalism schools that would like to contribute articles and photographs for next year's issue should contact me at stebbins-c@mail.mssc.edu.

I must offer a debt of gratitude to **Richard Massa**, who retired as the director of Missouri Southern's Institute of International Studies on June 30, 1999. He built the Department of Communications at this college and developed our concept of international education. He's a pioneer who leaves some big shoes to fill.

Thanks for reading!



First Issue 1998



By
Dr. Chad Stebbins
Director,
Institute of
International
Studies
Missouri
Southern
State College



International Crossroads

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How a French baker succeeds in combining tradition & business

Paul, a small bakery founded in Lille 110 years ago, has become a corporation today, and aims to carry on exporting the French tradition of bread. It has more than 200 bakeries and 40 million customers per year in France and 25 shops around the world, in Texas, Japan, Morocco, Spain, Turkey, and the United Arab Emirates.

In 1935, two lovers named Suzanne Mayot and Julien Holder met, got married, and bought a small bakery somewhere in the north of France. They inherited secret bread recipes from Suzanne's grandfather. When they died, their son, Francis Holder, decided to carry on the family tradition and to keep the name of his parents' shop, Paul. In 1963, he opened a second bakery, and two years later his first factory to make bread for export. Today, he manages a group of 2,800 employees.

He has succeeded in combining both tradition and modern business methods. His key to success? Francis is proud to answer with his company motto: "In Paul's, we are one hundred years late, we still need seven hours to make our bread."

And in France, which food is more sacred than it? Bread has always been and is still the basic item of meals.

Besides, with wine and cheese, it is one of the most famous products of French gastronomy. So while frozen food invades

supermarkets, it seems that people increasingly want to rediscover the old-fashioned taste. The 40 million customers who enter the Paul shops every year prove it.

As you push open the door of one of the Paul bakeries, the smell of warm bread and elaborate pastries invade your nostrils. Behind the counter, the salesladies wear chef's hats

and aprons. The decor looks like an old painting from the 16th century.

Dozens of different sorts of bread and cakes wait for gourmands and gourmets. Cereal bread, old-fashioned bread, Polka, Chapata, Paul's bread, wholemeal bread — all these special recipes have existed for more than a century.

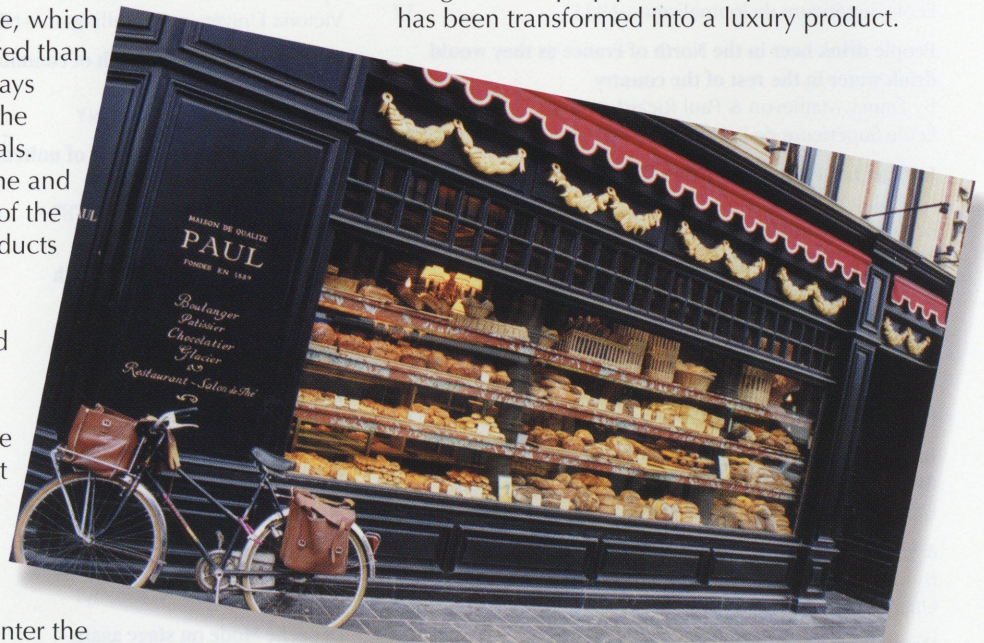
In all the Paul shops, the bakers make the bread in the same way. They have been trained to use special flours, and have to respect strict formulas and bake in their huge vaulted wood ovens. Everything is set out in what they call "The Bible." To have top quality all day long, they bake four batches of bread in the morning and one in the afternoon.

The holding company controls the way the bakeries are decorated and all other aspects of the running of the business. The people in charge, the bakers, the sellers — each one of the 2,800 employees is trained by them.

In the past couple of years, the holding company has developed to include restaurants and tea rooms. Today, Paul exploits this brand image to bump up prices. The poor man's dish has been transformed into a luxury product.



By
Anne-Claire
Coudray
&
Magali
Cotard
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de Journalisme
LILLE





Belfries: a cornerstone of French architecture

Towns built watchtowers to protect merchants from looters, lords

Since the Middle Ages, belfries have been a cornerstone of French architecture in the north, symbolising the independence of city halls from the authority of the church.

Towns began building belfries with the development of regional trade. They were in fact watchtowers and protected merchants from looters. A person would stand at the top of these tall square wooden structures to raise the alarm in case of attack. This kind of self-protection was typical of Flemish towns such as Tournai, Cambrai, and Douai, to name a few.

The region, known as Flanders, is in fact a perfectly flat stretch of land. So belfries were the only efficient way of having a bird's-eye view of the sea and the plain. In other French regions like the Pyrenees, the Alps, or Brittany, cities were set on hills, mountains, or plateaux for natural protection.

In French feudal society, merchants wanted to be free of domination by their lords. And this so-called bourgeois wanted to assert their new freedom. They refused to go on obeying the lords and transformed watchtowers into real stone belfries.

These symbols of citizens' power became decision-making places. Food, arms, and wealth were stocked in these safe buildings. To hinder the bourgeois in their attempt to have total control of the cities, some lords decided to destroy belfries or to take away their bells. In 1216, for example, King Henry of Flanders ordered his troops to pull down the belfry at Cambrai. But people could not imagine local councils without belfries and so always built them again.

From then on, smaller chimes, or carillon, took the place of the big bells under the roofs of the belfries to give rhythm to daily life. Today there are still 30 chimes in northern France.

Stefano Coletti is one of the 35 bell ringers in Douai. He does not want people to forget these popular and magical instruments. So he spends his free time on the top of these strange towers giving concerts. Even if the crowd does not listen to his music, he enjoys playing for a few enthusiasts who are very attached to their traditions.



Visiting Flanders in 1837, the French poet Victor Hugo was charmed by the carillon at Douai. Inspired by their magic, he wrote these words in a letter to a friend:

"Imagine a gothic tower capped with a slated roof which is made up of superimposed conical windows ... from all of that, lively bells, so amusing, and so extravagant, chime."

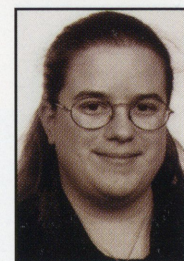
More recently, many painters have been influenced by belfries. Jean Pattou is an architect and a teacher in Lille and his passion is to paint pictures of these Flemish towers. He even exhibited his work in New York. But why does he like painting belfries?

"These buildings are interesting because they are the key to understanding people in the region. For me, a belfry is like turning a town's collective pride into a stone structure."

In Lille for example, the architecture of the city hall belfry is quite modern. It was built by Emile Dubuisson in 1924 to show that the town was looking toward the future. At 105 metres, it is the tallest and also the youngest belfry in the region.

You can see it 32 kilometres away. It is also the heaviest one. At 9,000 tonnes it is even heavier than the Eiffel Tower.

If you come in France and visit the Flanders region, you should know that if you are brave enough to climb the 432 steps to the top of the Lille belfry, you will have the most beautiful view of the region.



By
Laure
Bigourd
&
Amélie
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LILLE



Trains, trucks now handling most of the freight in northern France

Bargemen a vanishing breed

There are many canals in France, and for a long time, barges have been used to transport goods along them. But it is getting harder for bargemen to carry on with their colourful life.

For generations, the Cocart family have been bargemen. Marie-José, 46, and her husband, Francis, 50, proudly tell the story of their childhood, spent travelling along the French canals. "Astoria" and "Saint-Jean," the couple even remember the names of their grandparents' barges.

Theirs is called "Va Sano." They bought it seven years ago. It's 38 metres long and 5 metres wide. With this small barge, they have been transporting goods all around northern France, Belgium, and The Netherlands. Mostly cereals, like wheat, barley, and corn, but also coal.

Each cargo covers their living quarters with dust. But they accept it as part of the disadvantages of a bargeman's life. Although they have much more comfort than in the past, such as television, a satellite, and central heating, life on board is still hard. However, they wouldn't dream of changing their lifestyle.

"It's a beautiful life. No boss to order us about. We're free to go wherever we want at any time," says Marie-José.

Standing barefoot in the wheelhouse, wearing an old overall, she stares dreamily ahead. Or maybe it's nostalgia, because she knows that their way of living will soon be something of the past.

For the past three weeks, they have not left the river port of Lille. Of course, it has allowed them to see their children,

Rodolphe, 14, Rebecca, 12, and Magali, 10. They usually live at a boarding school in the city. It's Wednesday today, which in France means no school. The children share life on board.

But this lengthy stop also has a bad side because it means three weeks without any freight. Every morning, Francis leaves his wife and children to travel by train to the town of Douai, where there is the closest chartering office. And every day he comes back with the

same answer. No work.

While cleaning the deck of the barge, with his red gloves and bonnet, Francis says that the thousand remaining French bargemen all have the same problem. Trains and trucks have almost replaced barges in the transportation of freight in the region. Barges now carry only 3 to 4 percent of the goods, in

comparison to 10 percent just 20 years ago.

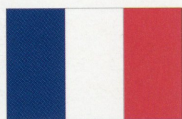
Marie-José worries for her husband and herself. But one thing is clear in her mind: she does not want her children to become bargemen.

"There's no future for the youth in this job," she says. That's why she insists they continue their studies as long as possible. "I didn't have much education myself."

Marie-José keeps apologising for being ignorant. Tenderly, Rodolphe corrects his mother's mistakes. Rebecca makes her mother proud. She wants to become a doctor.

But for the moment, the three children will go back to their boarding school tomorrow. At the same time, their parents will leave Lille in an attempt to find work elsewhere. And make the most of the freedom a bargeman's life offers them. As long as possible.

"We don't know what will become of us. What will we do if we have to leave the barge and live on land? We don't have any qualifications to work there."



By
**Amélie
Delloye &
Sarah
Tisseyre**
École Supérieure
de Journalisme
LILLE





The dragon comes out as spring returns

French city of Lille celebrates Chinese New Year in full force

The dragon and the lion, two figures highly symbolic of the New Year festivities in Asia, are not short of work these days. This year, people in the northern French city of Lille could see them dancing in the street.

Rihour Square in the centre of Lille. The crowd has waited for half an hour under the sun. Nadine Verhaeghe, 50, along with her husband and daughter, are staring at a van not far from there. Suddenly, a 15-metre-long dragon emerges and comes toward them. The animal's made of red, green, and yellow silk and is animated by 10 young Kung Fu players from the nearby Belgian city of Liege. They are engulfed by the crowd.

The dragon dances making figures. "It's like the local carnival. But I don't understand the significance of the dance," shouts Mrs. Verhaeghe against the strident sounds of drum and cymbals.

Unknown to many Europeans, the dance of the dragon is a widespread ritual in Asian communities. The dragon drives out the evil spirits just like the noise of the firecrackers which are set off at the start of the Asian New Year. The new year was celebrated on Feb. 16 for the Chinese community. It was the start of the year of the Rabbit; for the Vietnamese, that of the Cat.

The silver-coated lion enters the scene. It jumps. It plays with the dragon. Applause. "Is it Father Christmas?" asks little Marie Niaina, sitting wide-eyed on her father's shoulders.

"It's fantastic. The lion's costume is frightening," says 86-year-old Gizycki Wladislava.

Like most of the audience, she does not know that the lion is very present in Chinese culture. The animal owes its reputation partly to the story of a famous Buddhist monk, who according to legend, was protected by a lion during a voyage.

Mrs. Wladislava is a member of the Franco-

Chinese Friendship Association that has sponsored the show.

"As the lunar New Year's day approaches, we always organise the dance of the dragon. This year it was the first time out in the open," says François Bliot, president of the association that has been operating in the area for about 20 years.

The Chinese community in the region is about 10,000 strong, and it continues to celebrate the festivals and traditions of its native land.

The show ends after an hour and a half. The dancers rest. They are not Chinese, but their passion for the martial arts has quite naturally led them to perpetuate Chinese traditions.

"The dance is very physical, but we are well trained. Our club, the Belgian Mantis, is fourth in the world for this kind of show. We go to China twice a year to gain experience,"

says Michel Leclerc, principal actor, who plays the head of the dragon. "In February, we play almost everyday, and tomorrow we leave for Germany."

At the end of February the troop performed the carnival in Nice in the south of France, the largest in the world.

As for the Chinese community of Lille, the festivities do not stop here. Celebrations for the new year continued for the rest of the month and included a performance by a troop all the way from Shanghai, called Towards the Stars.



By
**Do Huu Loc
& Nguyen
Thanh Liem**
École Supérieure
de Journalisme
LILLE



Parisian school trains circus artists

Annie Fratellini's circus school in Paris is one of the most famous in the world. Despite the fact that it's produced many top professionals, it's easy to get into the school. There's no need to be a gymnast or an acrobat to attend the courses.

Anne-Violaine Pagenel, 30, can testify to this. Three years ago, after her secretarial studies, she decided to join the 150 students at the school. She had never done any specific physical training before. Now, she spends five hours a day practising on the trapeze and performing other circus activities, like dancing or juggling.

Sitting high up on the benches of the blue big top, Anne-Violaine tells us about her experience. Below us, about 30 people are training on mattresses.

"Before coming here, I wasn't able to do the splits or a cartwheel. Now I can. I've become supple and can perform several trapeze acts. I know I'll never reach a fantastic level. I'd just like to earn my living working in a cabaret or a small circus company."

No one really knows how the students will evolve. Some are here just for fun, without any professional ambitions. Others create their own companies when they leave the school. According to Valérie Fratellini, Annie's daughter and present director of the school, many former students work for the main international circuses.

Why such a success? "The aim of the school is to teach the basic knowledge needed by a circus artist," explains Valérie, who was a teenager when her mother opened the school in 1972. Today, she wants to perpetuate Annie's dream. Her conception of her "art" is quite traditional. For her, the current movement known as "the new circus" is not real circus.

This latest trend is much more theatrical. It presents stereotyped characters with costumes

like devils, prostitutes, or birds, for example. She says that as soon as you have dialogue, stories, staging, and setting, you are no longer seeing a real circus performance.

According to her, this school is the only one to teach "real circus," unlike its rival, the other famous training centre just outside of Paris. Flying trapeze exercises, acrobatics, mounted gymnastics, and the training of horses are the authentic basis.

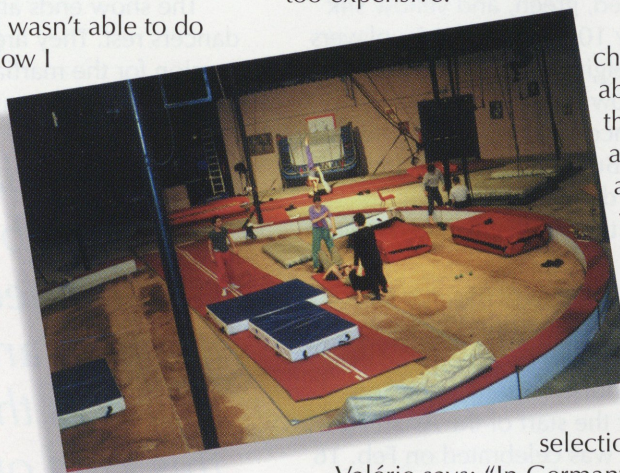
Clowns also take part of the traditional circus show, but the school doesn't do any training for that. This job can't be taught. It's generally done by the older artists when they are no longer physically able to do acrobatics. As for wild animal training, no courses neither. The legislation is too strict and the animals are too expensive.

Many children still dream about a career in the circus. There are many applicants every year. But almost half the students quickly leave the school, because the training is difficult. Then, a natural selection is made.

Valérie says: "In Germany, children are free every afternoon. So they can dedicate their time to artistic activities. On the contrary, French pupils have such a full timetable that they don't have time to get involved in something like the circus."

However, companies like those of the famous artiste, Arlette Gruss, are trying to change that by performing in French schools. But the circus is still not recognised as an art in France, unlike cinema or the theatre. So it gets fewer subsidies than them.

And people like Anne-Violaine do not have the same advantages as ordinary students. On the other hand, work doesn't seem to be in short supply. At the entrance to the big top, a board is covered with job offers.



By
Anne-Laure
Demory
&
Anne-Laure
Mondésert
École Supérieure
de Journalisme
LILLE



The big 'braderie': A feast of mussels & beer

Largest flea market in Europe draws 2 million people annually

Every first weekend in September, in the northern French city of Lille, it's time for the "grande braderie." An occasion to have fun and do good business. It's the biggest flea market in Europe, drawing two million people last year. And it's also a traditional feast; people have been coming to the market in Lille for the past eight centuries.

Two million people dawdling in the streets. Every year it's the same. Lille is crowded on the first weekend of September. It's the big "braderie." For two days, you can find everything you need and some things you didn't.

On almost 200 kilometres of pavement, ordinary people as well as shopkeepers sell just about anything for next to nothing. The former have cleared out their attics to get rid of their old stuff and the latter try to sell off their stock.

The city is turned into an enormous souk. All kinds of books, old, new, comic strips, antiquated things, kitsch or stylish furniture, old fashioned or nice clothes, and much more is displayed on the ground. Among the 10,000 stands, some people search for something special while others are just having a walk.

Actually, everybody has a personal reason for coming to the market. Some are looking for a bargain, but for others it's a wonderful occasion to discover the town and enjoy the festive atmosphere.

500 tonnes of mussels eaten in 48 hours

When the night falls, and the city is dark, Lille comes alive. If the most tenacious go on dealing in bric-à-brac, an electric torch hooked onto their foreheads, it's the party which takes the upperhand. Beer flows and music resonates, from classical music to techno. Night birds dance in the streets, moving from one concert to another, a regional beer called Jeanlain in their hand. This moving crowd dances, sings, talks to newly made friends.

"There are so many people on Saturdays evenings that you don't realise you're in Lille," says Vincent, who comes here from Paris each year with his friends. "What I love about the braderie is that it's really cool and funny. And

you eat such great mussels."

Because you don't come to the market only to deal in secondhand goods and enjoy yourself. You also come to eat mussels and french fries, the traditional dish for the two-day festival. Sometimes several hundred people can be seen queuing in front of restaurants to get them. In 48 hours, the consumption is spectacular. Five hundred tonnes of mussels. Restaurants compete in order to win the prize awarded to the one which has sold the most mussels. That is obvious when you see the piles of mussel shells out on the pavement.

"That's picturesque," says a waiter in charge of stacking the shells, which must be separated from other rubbish like paper or glass.

A traditional feast

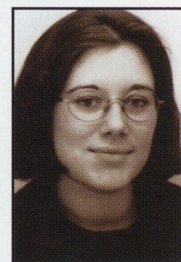
For Paul, a history teacher who has not missed a "braderie" in 20 years, is the atmosphere: "You feel that there is a soul. It's a traditional feast."

Indeed, the "braderie" began in the 12th century when servants were first allowed to sell goods given to them by their masters. But the word "braderie," a Flemish one, first appeared in the 15th century.

If the market's popularity waned a bit after the Second World War, it has definitely grown again since the 1960s. And now an increasing number of people come to take part, not only from Lille, but from elsewhere in France and abroad.

In 1998, there were a lot of people from Belgium, England, Spain, and Holland. Because of this, the "braderie" takes a lot of organisation. To assure the safety of the festival, to help people to get to the city centre without their cars, to clean the heaps of mussel shells. But the town council does it well so that tourists will want to come back again. Anyway, they will.

"When you have taken a little of the 'braderie' back with you, you are sure you cannot help coming back," says Martin, who loves the bric-à-brac, the feast, the beer, and the mussels.



By
**Claire
Chevalier
&
Sophie
Parmentier**
École Supérieure
de Journalisme
LILLE



In Andy Warhol's footsteps

Former brewery resembles Factory 142 in New York

It's easy to drive past La Malterie, 42 Kuhlmann Street in Lille, without the faintest idea of what goes on behind its high walls.

Nevertheless, this former brewery is worth taking a look at, and not only because it resembles Andy Warhol's Factory 142 in New York.



Created in 1995, the association is a meeting place for artists and musicians who rent studios or exhibition rooms in the building. Money

received from them is the only subsidy La Malto gets. It's worried about maintaining its independence and to be able to continue presenting numerous underground events.

La Malterie is an antiquated factory that doesn't stick out in the area. Wazemmes, a quarter in the southwest of the city, is well-known for its rehabilitated ancient industrial buildings and housing. A patchwork of brown, blue, and grey facades.

In the middle of some new squats and gloomy buildings, here's a large brick block, lightened by some tiny white-washed windows. Surprisingly, you have to bend down to reach the doorknob. An isolated bell for La Malterie, and several other ones without names on them.

It's 6 p.m. Wolf is greeting us. Not possible to visit the ground floor at the moment. As we walk along the hall, an obsolete elevator attracts our attention. Its grill reminds us of Andy Warhol's famous factory.

Excitement grows as we walk up the

metallic stairs in the direction of the studios. Fourth floor. Wolf shows us into his studio, a small single room where he comes to paint. Despite the fact that he's studying hard at art school, Wolf has rented a studio at La Malterie for the past six months.

"I needed to have a place of my own, to be able to work whenever I wanted to. The rent here is inexpensive, so it's perfect for my budget. But most of all, La Malto is an exciting crossroads of different kinds of artists. A mix of

professionals and amateurs. It's important in the underground artistic movement in Lille. Anything can happen, including the shows downstairs."

A collective laboratory for happenings, performances, and exhibitions. A sort of community studio made of both individual and communal workrooms. Anybody can rent a studio from La Malterie

"Our first endeavour is to preserve our independence. Because we insist on the freedom, especially concerning the programme. We refuse to restrict ourselves to one style of music, or a particular art movement or type of street theatre. La Malto is open to anyone, both audience and initiatives."

association, but there are an increasing number of applicants.

From the narrow corridor we hear an aria from an opera and techno sounds. Wolf is leading us to the silkscreen printing and photo studio. Three bangs on the door. An androgynous man opens the door and greets us. We walk to an end room without stopping.

There, three men are discussing the technical points of an experiment they are trying with silkscreen printing. The atmosphere of acrylic paint, glue, and talk creates the exciting atmosphere of artists in action.

"You should have a look at the works in the other room," says the androgynous guy. A sculpture made of paraffin-coated shreds of paper stands stiffly in a corner. Two metres tall.

By
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&
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LILLE



"Let me introduce you to Medusa. Impressive, don't you think?"

Each tenant seems to be conscious of how lucky they are to be here. After working all day long, some stay for the night, falling asleep in a makeshift bed. Others prefer to have a beer downstairs and enjoy the evening's performance.

An old dark blue curtain. A man shows us into a waiting room. We discover a narrow space, closed in by a low arched roof. It's 10 in the evening now. Few people having a beer, the only drink which seems to be liked here. Different decorations are set up in the nooks and crannies.

A couple of rows of old red theatre seats catch our attention. Further away, a few comfortable armchairs are placed to create an intimate corner. And there are some grey benches which were probably taken from a typical French café. Two Persian carpets lie on the ground, making you feel more at home.

At the far end of the room, two men are bustling around a projector. Three walls are being used as screens to view various films, pictures, and even a few paintings. A guest disc-jockey is looking for the next piece of jungle music. Soft sounds and acoustic vibes resonate all around.



Mary stands at the brick and wooden bar drinking a beer. One day she came to La Malterie to exhibit her drawings. She was studying plastic art at university. Last September she dropped out of what she calls the "boring and theoretical subjects" and decided to dedicate herself to the association.

She's now secretary general of La Malto,

and emphasises the history of the place. "It's a former brewery. Over here they threshed malt." She gulps down her beer. "In June 1995, a group of artists decided to restore the old factory which had closed 15 years before. The work isn't really finished, but there are now 30 artists, studios, three exhibition spaces, and

five music practice rooms."

And all of this without any subsidies. "Our first endeavour is to preserve our independence. Because we insist on the freedom, especially concerning the programme. We refuse to restrict ourselves to one style of music, or a particular art movement or type of street theatre. La Malto is open to anyone, both audience and initiatives."

A man comments on Mary's explanations. "My association, Sainfo, joined La Malterie. I approve of its ideal. We

create various shows, and it's amazing to appeal to an eclectic public."

On Sainfo's programme, classical music, a four-day-long cabaret or a night dedicated to a musical patchwork of tastes. Jazz, experimental music, and conceptual art events are organised in the same way.

The now famous "Slanging Match" is at the core of these interactive shows. For an entire night, the public is divided in two groups, with a referee. Everybody has to kick up a row over the theme, the year 2000.

Meanwhile, La Malto has to survive. And according to the new president, an artist who's also a math teacher, it's going to be a tough challenge, even if the programme is full until June. Its neighbour, a night-club owner, has no qualms about disturbing La Malto's plans.

But for tonight, the music is all that's important. Mary orders another beer. For the immediate future, everything's okay.





Seide on Seide

Parisian theatre director, born in the U.S., prefers French culture

With grey hair, light blue eyes circled by thin glasses, and a soft voice, Stuart Seide is the new director of Le Théâtre du Nord in the northern French city of Lille. An admirer of Shakespeare, he stages classical plays but also likes the works of contemporary playwrights like Enzo Cormann and Sebastian Barry.

Born and brought up in the United States, his career in France has not been easy, but in the end, he has played an important role in the country's cultural microcosm. Today, Seide is a director, an actor, and also a teacher at the Parisian theatre school, Le Conservatoire. He considers himself French, and his love for France's culture has made him one of its best advocates, with both passion and humility.

Q: Why did you decide to leave the U.S.?

SS: I left the States in September 1970. For personal reasons. It was a troubled time, the Vietnam War, civil rights, the assassinations, the riots. A period of turmoil in America. I left college in 1966-67, and could not quite find the theatre I wanted to do. At university, I worked on the new theatre, on European theatre. Beckett, Ionesco, Genet. I worked at the theatre, La Mamma, for a while, but I did not know where theatre was for me. That's why I left America.

Q: And why did you come to France?

SS: When I was at university, I was very attracted to France, to French literature, cinema, theatre. In 1962, my favourite writers were Camus, Sartre. I liked the Nouvelle Vague. I studied French in high school, badly. I had only two or three years of French, and something about the language stuck with me. I liked it a lot, and I continued to read in French, to buy French records, of people like Brel, Piaf, and Aznavour. I don't know why, but I was

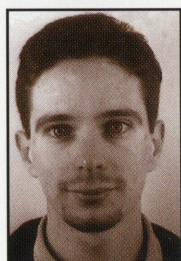
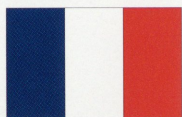
fascinated by the language, the culture. Maybe it was a romantic relationship that many New Yorkers have with Paris. I was very interested in French people. Then one day, I met Jean-Louis Barrault (famous French stage director and actor) in New York, and I wanted to study with him. He said: "I don't have a school, but you can come and see my rehearsals." That was the spark, the pretext. So in September 1970, I came to Paris to see his rehearsals. I had enough money for six months. And the six months have lasted until today. I never made the decision to stay, but it became obvious that I was where I should be. Even when things were difficult. And very early, when I went to a private acting class, I met young people who seemed to share the same dreams, the same ambition for theatre. That was the beginning of our company.

Q: What are the main differences between American and French theatre?

SS: Firstly, "theatre of text" does not exist in the United States, or hardly. Then, subsidised theatre doesn't exist either. The fact that the French government gives grants to some young companies is very interesting. There are some regional theatres in America, but you have to do fund-raising to get money. Another point is that in France, you rehearse for two and a half months before a play. In America, you rehearse

"American people know very little about what is happening in the rest of the world; they are the world. They think that the rest of the world resembles them."

for six weeks. Theatre, basically, is like movies. It's an industry, a business. And you have to make a choice between cultural, marginal theatre, and mainstream theatre. There is also commercial theatre in France, but so far I've



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had nothing to do with it. Of course, there are some extraordinarily talented actors and directors in the U.S., like Peter Sellers, Robert Wilson, and Richard Forman, but they work more in Europe. It's much easier for them to get produced here. I do think that "art theatre," based on authors and direction, doesn't exist in America. Talented directors very soon become choreographers, film-makers, or do operas, but few of them stay in theatre to do Shakespeare or Pinter. In Europe, you have plays and literary texts from all over the world on stage. There is a curiosity here that's lacking in America about that. I think cinema is much more of an American art form. Images are better liked than words.

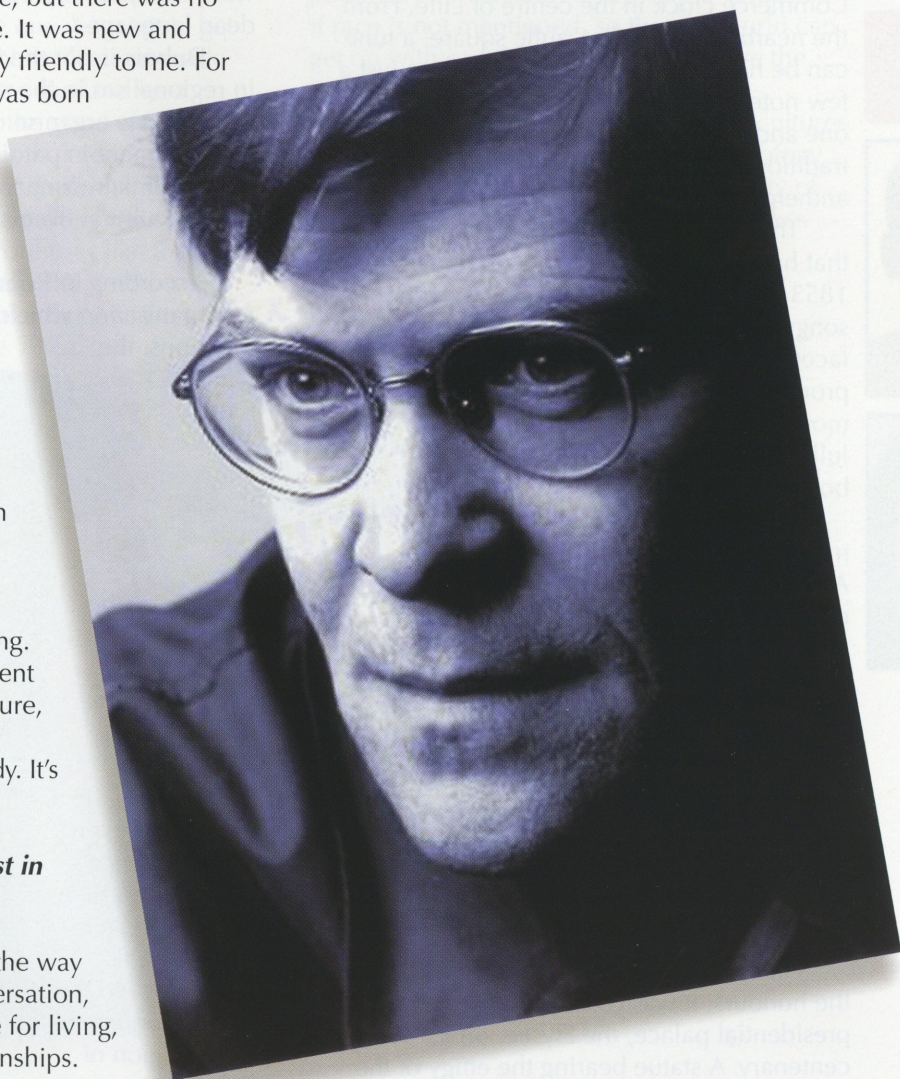
Q: Was it a cultural shock when you arrived in France?

SS: No! My French was not all that good, and Paris was exotic, romantic, but there was no shock in a negative sense. It was new and fascinating. Paris was very friendly to me. For you, it's a big city, but I was born and raised in New York, and when you come from New York, Paris is not big. It's charming, the streets are small. Charming's a good word. I was under the charm of France and Paris. I felt very much at ease, it was not like things that I knew. I was alone, away from my family and friends, and in those days, I had less material comfort than in New York. But it is very beneficial, it's a good thing. A different place, a different language, a different culture, less material comfort. I recommend it to everybody. It's very useful.

Q: What do you like most in France?

SS: A good thing here is the way of life. Wine, food, conversation, people, taking more time for living, with more human relationships.

And of course, the theatre. Even coming from New York, which is the cultural capital of America. You can find everything in Paris, from Greek tragedy to contemporary creations. You have institutional theatres like the Comédie Française, you have experimental theatres. America is in many ways a provincial place. American people know very little about what is happening in the rest of the world; they are the world. They think that the rest of the world resembles them. And above all, France gave me hospitality, so I will not say negative things about it. I do not like everything here, but I cannot criticise. My life is here now. My wife is half-French, half-English, I have two sons, both born and raised here, my life work is here, my friends are here, and I have less and less family in the U.S. It would be fun one day to go and work there, but I don't want to live in America now. Living in Europe is marvelous!





The P'tit Quinquin: The hymn of the North

*Lullaby is 'rallying song' for
natives of northern France*

Originally a dialectal song, the P'tit Quinquin has quickly become a society phenomenon in the north of France. Today it symbolises the reappearance of the local patois.

It's ten o'clock on the Chamber of Commerce clock in the centre of Lille. From the nearby Charles de Gaulle square, a tune can be heard. For the layman, they are just a few notes, but for locals, this little tune tells of one and a half centuries of history and tradition. It's the P'tit Quinquin, their local anthem.

The P'tit Quinquin is the story of a song that has travelled down the ages. It all begins in 1853. Alexandre Desrousseaux, a young songwriter, is witness to a touching scene. A lacemaker is trying to lull her baby to sleep, promising him sweets and good times. Very moved by this vision, he decides to write a lullaby about it. And the P'tit Quinquin was born.

In this dialectal song, through the story of a mother and her child who can't sleep, Alexandre Desrousseaux describes the working class way of life. Poverty, starvation, exploitation at work — all the social context of the period — appears in this song.

Quickly, the music becomes very popular. People can identify themselves with this local language, close to them, that reminds them of their everyday life and hopes. And the P'tit Quinquin becomes part of the collective soul. Later, the song will follow the soldiers through the two World Wars, showing that the old lullaby's able to unite an entire nation.

After that, the P'tit Quinquin receives all the honours. It was commemorated at the presidential palace, the Elysee, on its centenary. A statue bearing the effigy of the

P'tit Quinquin in the arms of his mother was even erected at the beginning of the century.

Today, the P'tit Quinquin has several meanings. It's the name of a roundabout in Lille for children, a type of sweet appreciated by all, and a song that is sung after a family lunch. The local town hall has understood the importance of the tradition and works to keep it alive. The song is still taught at school, and the mayor has commissioned a painting about the lullaby.

But the P'tit Quinquin doesn't only express an attachment to the past. It also marks the wish to preserve the regional language. Bernard Dubois, president of a songwriter's association, has been organising shows for several years. Every night, the P'tit Quinquin is sung in his cabaret, "Le caveau Lillois."

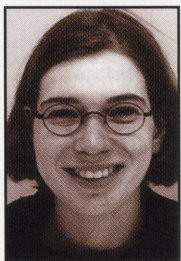
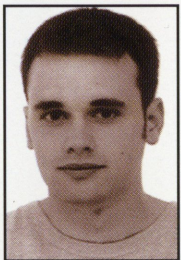
"Patois is more than just nostalgia. It's also a cry for the defense of the regional identity. While Europe is about to exist in reality, we want to say clearly that our dialect is not a dead language."

Dubois is not the only one who is involved in regionalism in the north. Nearly 40 other associations organise different forms of entertainment in patois. "Contrary to what one would think, most people appreciate these kind of cultural events, even the young," he says.

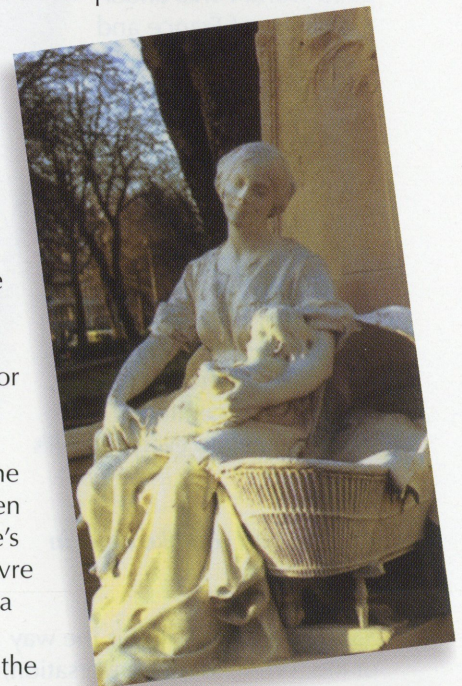
According to Robert Lefebvre, president of an organisation which promotes local traditions, the

P'tit Quinquin is a link between people. "When we are far from our region, the P'tit Quinquin is a real rallying song for natives of the North."

Besides, the lullaby has even crossed France's borders. Lefebvre says he's seen a restaurant in Algeria called the P'tit Quinquin, lost in the region of Kabylia.



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People drink beer in the North of France as they would drink water in the rest of the country

In Lille, one of the European capitals of hops, the two most famous pubs, the 3 Brasseurs and the Taverne de l'Éku, make beer on the premises. And they are the only two pubs in the city that sell their own brew. An original way of preserving their identity and drawing a larger clientele.

"At the turn of the 20th century, there were 2,000 breweries in the region,"

says Louis Peugniez, president of the association, Les Amis de la Bière, The Friends of Beer.

Considering the huge financial investment required, microbreweries have been gradually replaced by big factories. Nowadays, most of the pubs sell mass-produced beers such as Kronenbourg, Heineken, Leffe, Hooegarden, and Stella. However, consumers are still keen on the home-made versions.

"Our customers enjoy gazing at the copper machines while drinking the beverage brewed in them," says 26-year-old Vincent Bogaert, brewer at the Taverne de l'Éku.

Created in 1996, the owners of the brewery are happy with the results. "We produce between 300 and 400 litres a week," says Bogaert. "But that's only enough for three days consumption. We are chronically short of stock."

Actually, customers prefer tasting a speciality rather than quenching their thirst with brand-name beers. At the 3 Brasseurs, Didier Deleval, 33, agrees with his colleague: "Our clientele often chooses the home-made products. They are convinced that the quality is better. And they are right," he laughs.

So with a good brewer and an investment of over one million francs, drinkers can be sure they're getting the finest beer.

More microbreweries in Lille?

A passion for beer unites the two microbreweries, but neither their production process nor their approach to the clientele are the same.

"We only produce one kind of beer," says Bogaert, "and in relatively low quantity."

The 3 Brasseurs, on the other hand, has gone one step further: "Our project started in 1986 and since then, we've gone a long way. Today, we have four different beers, a classic lager, a brown ale, an amber-coloured ale, and a white one," explains Deleval. "Myself and another brewer make close to 5,000 litres a week."

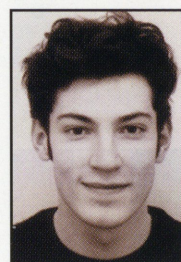
Such an example can only incite the Taverne de l'Éku to develop its production capabilities. Bogaert is ambitious: "With the new machines we're just about to purchase, we'll be able to produce 800 litres a week. What's more, we'll have different kinds of beers. We'll reach our objective this summer. Carrying out such a project could burden our budget, but it's worth the gamble."

The success of the two small breweries has given ideas to many other people who want to break into the market.

"Apart from the Taverne de l'Éku and the 3 Brasseurs, several amateurs brew their own beer without selling it," says Peugniez. "There are about 20 brewers in the region. Even some professionals are interested in creating their own business, but are put off by the amount of money required."

Anyway, new vocations can be discovered every day, as Bogaert bears testimony: "Four years ago, I didn't think I'd become a brewer. But I have always been a beer lover. When I began collecting coasters, I caught the virus."

Be careful, this disease is contagious. If you're in the habit of leaving pubs slightly tipsy, with coasters in your pocket, you may soon be the next top brewer in your region.



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&
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La Pena Los Flamencos: Lille's 'Little Spain'

French city has connection to Andalusia

Lille is in the north of France, and Andalusia in the south of Spain, but despite being on opposite sides of Europe, the French city, thanks to the organisation La Pena Los Flamencos, definitely has some Spanish spirit.

At first glance, one could not be blamed for thinking there's no relation between these two different cultures. Beer and french fries, versus tapas and sangria. The two regions are far apart and don't have the same climate or the same traditions. But still, there's a bond that is both historical and cultural between Lille and Spain.

Patricia Wartelle, the president of La Pena, confirms this: "There sure is a relationship between the north of France and the Andalusian culture. The term Flamenco, which means Flemish, is the first example." There is a lot of mystery about the origin of the word and several different hypotheses.

The most likely is the story of the "Flanders" Gypsies. The Flanders region extends across the border between France and Belgium around the North Sea. Lille is part of it, and was once its capital.

In the 17th century, several gypsy families were apparently given royal privilege to escape persecution in reward for their participation in the Flanders war. Because of an order signed by the king, they would have been allowed to settle anywhere and perform some kind of trade, something that was forbidden to other gypsies. Members of these families considered themselves different to ordinary gypsies, because they came from Flanders. In the villages of Andalusia where they eventually settled, they would have been called "Los Flamencos."

Today, there are Spanish people living in Lille, but no particular concentration of them. So what's the point of talking about them? The answer is their dynamism. The Spanish community, and even French people who love Spain, are involved in promoting the Mediterranean culture. There are many associations in Lille, folklore groups like "Sol de Andalucia" and "La casa de Espana," for example. There's even a bullfighting club. But the initiative that stands out is La Pena Los Flamencos.

The Flemish of La Pena

La Pena, which means "association" in Spanish, is a gathering of people with some interest in Spain, and more particularly, Flamenco. It was created in 1984 by a French journalist who loves Spain, Gérard Goutière. He chose the name "Los Flamencos" because of the ambiguity of the word.

At the beginning it was more of a "small club" kind of thing, just to have a drink and hear Flamenco music. But as time went by, it became more than that, thanks to Patricia Wartelle. This Spanish-looking French woman is literally crazy about Spain. She discovered Flamenco six years ago and hasn't stopped dancing since then. She now performs as "La Zambrana" in a Flamenco band called "Canela y cana."

Since Patricia has been in charge of La Pena, membership has gone from about 20 to 120 people. Thanks to her dynamism, relations, and enthusiasm, she's turning La Pena into Lille's "Little Spain." Many activities are offered by the association. Every first Tuesday of the month there's a "Tablao Flamenco." Tapas, singing, and dance performances, and then it's over to the audience. Flamenco classes are given by Manolo, a Spanish dancer living in Brussels, who, according to Patricia, "brings a lot of people to La Pena."

An increasing number of people are coming to La Pena. Spanish culture apparently matches the northern French's reputed warmth. So it's working well, but the president won't stop there. She has many plans for the future of La Pena. She would like to be able to invite artists from Spain and wants to become an advisor about any Spanish event taking place in Lille. And it's already happening. She was recently consulted about the exhibition of the Spanish painter Goya, which took place recently in the city. Quoted in the "Encyclopedia of Flamenco," La Pena obviously counts in the "Andalusia away from Andalusia."



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Wazemmes, the last village in Lille

Locals congregate at friendly cafe in marketplace

It's raining outside. But in Les Tilleuls, the customers are having a good time. This famous cafe at the Wazemmes market is small, too small for some people. But not for the locals. They love this 30 square metres of space where they come for more than just a drink.

Les Tilleuls has for a long time been their meeting place. One of their favourite cafes where they can stay for hours, talk with others, or simply stare at the Saint Paul church opposite, in the northern winter rain.

"It's like home," says Marco, a waiter at Les Tilleuls. This Italian came to the northern French city of Lille a year and a half ago and found a job at the cafe. Now he knows all the people in the quarter. He says he loves them, and likes "his" cafe a lot. Although he's always busy, Marco finds time to talk to his customers, enjoy the jazz music, and even to sing along.

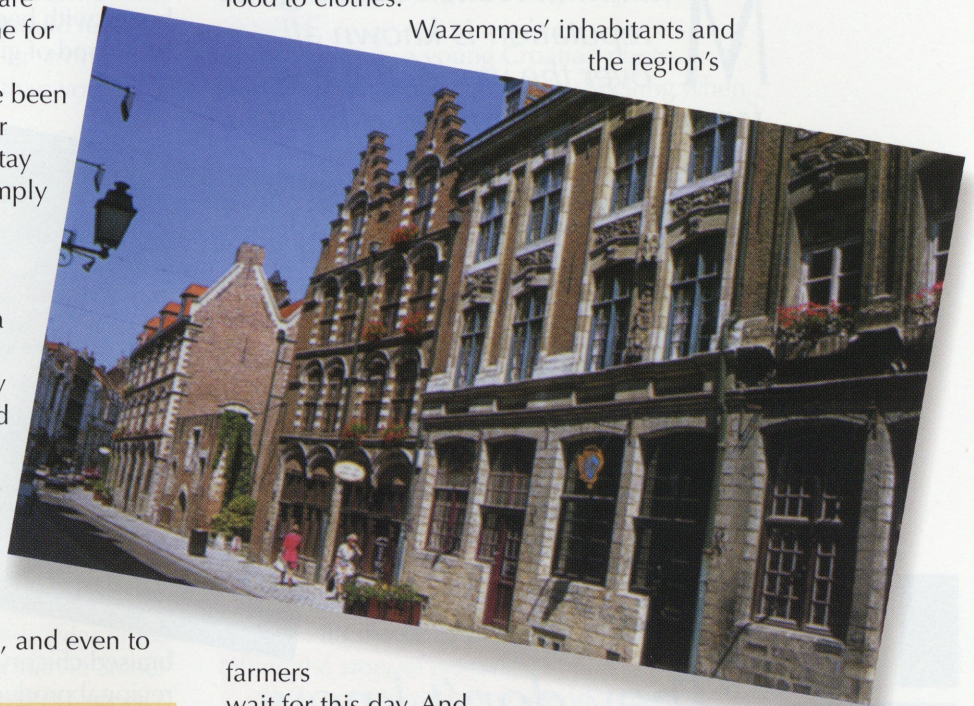
"We come from different countries, from different regions. But there aren't any problems in the area. We respect each other. It's so good that I decided to live here for a long time. I think Wazemmes is the last quarter in the city that's still like a village," he says.

In fact, at Wazemmes, all the people are friends. French, Italians, Belgians, Arabs, Chinese, or Vietnamese. They are all citizens of Wazemmes, they are all villagers.

Marco doesn't have to work on Sundays. But for Les Tilleuls, and for Wazemmes, this day is

always a special one. It's time for the area's famous market. The local parking lot is transformed into a sea of stands. Instead of cars, you can find all kinds of products from food to clothes.

Wazemmes' inhabitants and the region's



farmers wait for this day. And people come to the area on Sundays just for the market. But not all of them are here to shop. Some come only for the "festival" atmosphere. A village fete where they can find anything they want.

For those who don't like getting up too early on a Sunday, the market begins only at 10 in the morning and ends at 2 p.m. It's great time too for Les Tilleuls and the other cafes in the quarter. They don't have enough space for all their potential customers. Chairs and tables are put out on the pavement. People stay for hours, to drink coffee, to be at the market, because it's relaxed and friendly.

Of course, drinks are more expensive on Sundays. One franc more for a cup of coffee. But it isn't important. The people of Lille and Wazemmes locals love this place. Even in the rain, they come here to the city's last village.



By
Dang
Duc Tue
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LILLE



Traditional cooking in the Nord-Pas de Calais

An invitation to lunch

Mmmm ... French cooking! Its reputation is known all over the world. But this famous elegant cuisine is in fact not just one uniform style of cooking but a mixture of different regional specialities.

Crêpes from Brittany, Alsatian sauerkraut, cooked pork from Auvergne, foie gras from the southwest, Mediterranean cooking from the Côte d'Azur, and so on. All these traditions are appreciated across France. But there is possibly one exception, cooking from the north, that remains unknown to most French people.



"They don't know what they miss,"

say people from Lille, the northern capital. There, and in the whole region, a traditional meal is always the occasion for a big convivial party.

Today is a special day for Marylise Delory. Her seven children and 16 grandchildren are coming to lunch. As always for these special occasions, she has cooked their favorite traditional dishes. After everybody sits down at the old wooden table, she walks out of the kitchen with a home-baked "Flamiche" in her hands, a pie made with eggs, sour cream, and leeks. Then comes her "world famous Carbonnade," as her children call it.

Marylise began preparing it two days ago, when she put fresh meat to marinade in beer.

Then she gently cooked the meat for three hours, with beer, spices, and "pain d'épices," a local kind of gingerbread. To



go with the Carbonnade, she prepared braised chicory, "the pearl of the North," as regional producers call it. She also cooked french fries. Yes, these internationally renowned potato bits come from the Nord-Pas de Calais. Here, restaurants serve them fresh and hand-cut, sometimes with a touch of garlic or vinegar.

No risk of staying hungry!

After the fries comes the cheese. Nord-Pas de Calais is famous for its creamy runny Maroilles. Local producers prepare it in exactly the same way it has been made for a hundred years. No chemicals, no pasteurisation, directly from the cow. People love to eat it a little warm. Marylise always puts it in the oven for a few minutes before she brings it to the table. She also uses it for pies and sauces. In Lille, there's not one trendy restaurant that does not offer at least one dish with "sauce au Maroilles."

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Last but not least, the dessert, supposing anybody is still hungry! Marylise cooked a big sugar pie. "It's very quick and easy to do," she says. "You just bake a simple dough, and add sugar and sour cream on its top. Children love it."

After the dessert, everybody drinks coffee, and the adults have the "bistouille," a small glass of Houle, an alcohol made with barley or Genièvre, which is made with juniper berries. Years ago, workers used to drink it to gather strength and physical courage. They were mainly miners and farmers, and most of them were very poor. Thus, their cooking is both inexpensive and robust. It must give them the ability to withstand the cold weather.

The opposite of sophisticated

Only the rich ones, who had a gun, used to go hunting. They brought back game like hares and cock pheasants that their wives used to marinate in a juniper berry alcohol. Then, they served it roasted or in pâtés, dishes that are still a tradition in the region.

But above all, the Nord Pas-de-Calais' traditional cooking is a convivial cooking. If you need a definition, imagine the opposite of the sophisticated French "nouvelle cuisine." An unglamorous but generous and tasty dish instead of a small piece of fish in a beautiful empty plate.

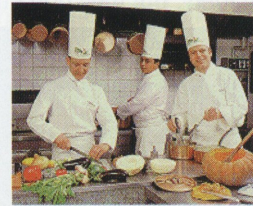
At the restaurant, l'Auberge du temps Jadis, in Lille, the chef and owner, Danièle, often prepares tables for parties of 20 or more.

"Young people, who can't eat that kind of food at home anymore, come here," she says. Teenagers love her "Welsh" bread with bacon, beer, and cheddar, her "Steak au Maroilles," and her "Andouillette flambée au genièvre," all recipes that she learned from her mother.



Beer everywhere

For Danièle, Nord-Pas de Calais' food is synonymous with good times, a party and beer. It is also the opinion of Mr. Pecquet, the chef at the Jeanlain café. Located in Lille's touristic area, this traditional pub and restaurant offers a large variety of dishes prepared with Jeanlain beer. "Waterzoï de volailles" which is chicken cooked in a creamy beer sauce, mussels fried with beer, and rabbit sauté with Jeanlain. Even desserts have beer in them. Beer sorbet, sweet beer cream, or beer pie, a classic dough filled with a mixture of sugar, eggs and beer. "Absolutely delicious" assures Pecquet.



Sometimes, a French actor who calls himself the "Professor of beer studies" comes to the Jeanlain café to entertain the clients. That's of course when he's not at L'Gaiette, another restaurant in Lille that recreates the atmosphere of the old "estaminets," traditional taverns where miners used to meet after work.

There, the menu is written in the local dialect. The chef, Frederic Lienard, says it's unfortunate that the region's cuisine is not better known. Recently, an association which

organises cooking contests and promotes regional recipes was created. But a lot remains to be done.

"Cooking from the north is generous, copious, and hearty. It makes people want to stay together, and party and chat for hours," says Pecquet. As if that's not a tempting invitation.



Panther women among the stars at Cannes

Mother and daughter from the north of France protect their mystery

Have you ever heard of the Panther women? Their friends are Clint Eastwood, Whoopi Goldberg, Catherine Deneuve, and Gérard Depardieu. They pose for *New Look* and *Variety*. But they don't live in Los Angeles or the



French Riviera. In fact, they just live in Armentières, a tiny little village close to Lille, in the north of France.

They go to every "avant-première." Every year they are invited to the Cannes Film Festival. Stars

among stars, they sign autographs, are photographed on the city's famous beach promenade the "Croisette," walk up the red carpet to the awards ceremony along with the stars, and go to every private party.

They have plenty of anecdotes to tell about the most famous stars. "Did you know that Johnny Depp had a love affair with the French actress Carole Bouquet?" they say. And stars enjoy meeting them. "Once Clint Eastwood, back home from the Festival, said to *Variety*: I went to Cannes. The proof is I saw the Panther women."

Always together. Always dressed in panther clothes. One, the older, is a plump little woman. No make-up, no fancy hairdo, no jewelry except for a strange pair of earrings she made from chicken bones. Her name comes from the Middle Ages, Pascaline. The other, Esmeralda, is more sophisticated. A mop of dark curly hair, a red pulpy mouth, and a ring on each finger. For both of them, fishnet stockings and high heels.

Everybody knows them, but no one knows who they are. "Sisters? Friends? Witches? Maniacs? Whores?" people wonder. Let them answer: "We're just a mother and daughter who live together. And it's rather funny when people come to us and ask: 'How much do you charge?' People just invent one thing and another about us, because to them, we are a mystery."

And they do want to protect this mystery. Pascaline explains, "Every summer, I used to go to a small village in Spain, La Sierra, in Castilla, where I come from. One day, something horrible

happened to me, I'll never say what. And after that I swore I'd always wear panther clothes." Then, she got married to a doctor and had a little girl, Esmeralda, whom she started dressing in the same way. "In 1983, Esmeralda was noticed by a producer in Saint-Tropez. She looked wild, and he gave her a role in his movie. Since then, we've been invited to the Cannes Festival every year."

Wearing panther clothes made them famous, but it's not always been easy. Esmeralda remembers: "It's been very difficult for me. At school the other children mocked me. If I have a child one day, I won't dress it like this because I think it wouldn't be a good thing for him or her." By the way, when she doesn't go out with her mother, she dresses like everyone else.

Interested in their appearance? Of course. They will never admit how old they are, but in a confidential tone, they confess: "At night, we become the pink panthers. Thanks to our pyjamas."

The panthers? Such a lot of stories. But sometimes you wonder where the truth stops and their imagination starts. According to them, they were arrested at the Belgium customs for cocaine trafficking, charged with prostitution, arrested in Moscow by the KGB, and believed to be FBI agents. "A book is going to be written about us. We're going to play in several French movies. We're going to be reported on, and I'm going to make a short film with famous French actors," says Esmeralda.

One thing is sure: they have been invited several times to appear on TV shows, and were extras in a few successful French films. They were even seen on a huge advertisement on the front of the biggest mall in Lille.

In fact, that's how they earn their living: ads and movies. But mostly they live on the pension of Pascaline's husband who died three years ago. It's a way to say that, even famous, they can't afford a star's lifestyle. Pascaline, a star? "I say no. The stars are in the sky." Sometimes, she has her head in the clouds. "One day, in a magazine, our photo was between Madonna's and Eisenhower's." She was mistaking him for Schwarzenegger.



By
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A Swede in the South Seas

Student spends a year learning 'Fiji Time'

I clearly remember my friends' facial expressions when I made the announcement. I was going to leave the cold, dark, and miserable winter in Sweden to spend a year in the South Seas, on a paradise island in Fiji. Farewell, five hours of daylight! Farewell, minus 20 degrees Celsius! It was jealousy that I saw in their faces. It is in fact a national trait in Sweden. We call it "The Swedish Jealousy." Not a very sympathetic trait, but in this case very understandable. A one-year adventure in an exotic climate! I was going to work in a small eco-tourist dive resort, on the slightly developed and very much isolated island of Kadavu. Far away from all creature comforts we take for granted in our part of the world. Far away from what we call civilisation. I was to live in a quaint little hut made of reed.

Little did I know that it would be a year of frequent encounters with what was to become my most dreaded visitors: Cyclone Harry, Cyclone Ian, Cyclone June, and Cyclone Kevin. Little did I know that I was going to spend a year indoors, wearing just as many clothes as I would on a nasty autumn day in Sweden. Thick, knitted woolen cardigans. Long trousers. Rubber boots and raincoats. Not as much as a ray of sunshine in months. Little did I know that in that very year, when I was freezing in the South Pacific, my by-then-not-so-jealous friends in Sweden were enjoying the best summer of this century. It even made the headlines: "Tropical Summer!," "Record Temperatures!," "Heat wave strikes Sweden!" and so on. There I was cold and miserable in Fiji, while they were basking in the sun in sweaty Sweden. I had become a victim of El Nino. As you may have noticed by now, the weather is a very important issue for a Swede. But I'm sure it would be for you as well if you had to live in a climate like this. Anyway, back to Fiji.

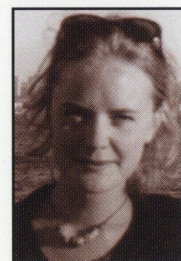
The differences between Fijian and Swedish culture is immense. To live in Fiji is to forget everything associated with efficiency and punctuality. But to live in Fiji is also to take time to notice and appreciate people and never to be in so much of a hurry that you can't stop

for a chat. And of course not to suffer from stress-related sicknesses. In Fiji, people live by mottoes such as "Time does not matter" and "Hurry slowly and you will soon reach your goal" instead of by minutes and hours. The Fijians call it "Fiji Time."

The Fiji Visitors Bureau even hands out

brochures for newly arrived visitors. If you have difficulties winding down, they suggest you just follow these simple pieces of advice: *Ignore restlessness, exhale, and relax. *Don't wear a watch until it's time for departure. *Find yourself a spot in the shade and force yourself to do nothing but watch the world around you. *Read a book or take a nap. *Begin everyday without plans and just see what happens.

As a time-conscious and efficient Swede, it's necessary to understand and accept the full meaning of Fiji Time, or you risk losing the plot completely. You must expect appointments to be delayed anywhere between half an hour and five hours. If they happen at all. You must take in account that ordered goods might arrive a day late, or a month late. Or never. You must learn to shrug your shoulders or simply laugh, instead of reacting with frustration. More than often, however, you don't feel like laughing at all. I guess us Swedes have the heavy burden of our Lutheran heritage to carry. It's hard to wash that strict work ethic out of a Swede. I guess we're just not the most relaxed people around. As for the Fijian huts, they really were nice. I just wish they would have been waterproof.



By
**Charlotte
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Despite a glorious past, Greek student media are superficial today

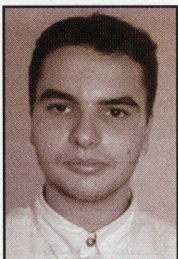
When examining the situation of the Greek student media in 1968 and 1998, one faces a paradox. Although the environment in 1968 was hostile, the student media flourished. And although the environment now is friendly and encouraging, Greek student media is in crisis.

To be more detailed, in 1968 Greece was ruled by dictators. As a result of that, freedom of speech and thought was minimal and censorship was complete. All those who produced newspapers, magazines, and any other form of written public documents were prosecuted and sent to jail. But in spite of those hard conditions, student media in Greece was strong and played an important role throughout the years of the dictatorship (1967-1974). Moreover, during the years 1970-1974, Greek student media gathered around them almost all of the student population of Greece and worked as a catalyst of change resulting in the fall of the dictatorship.

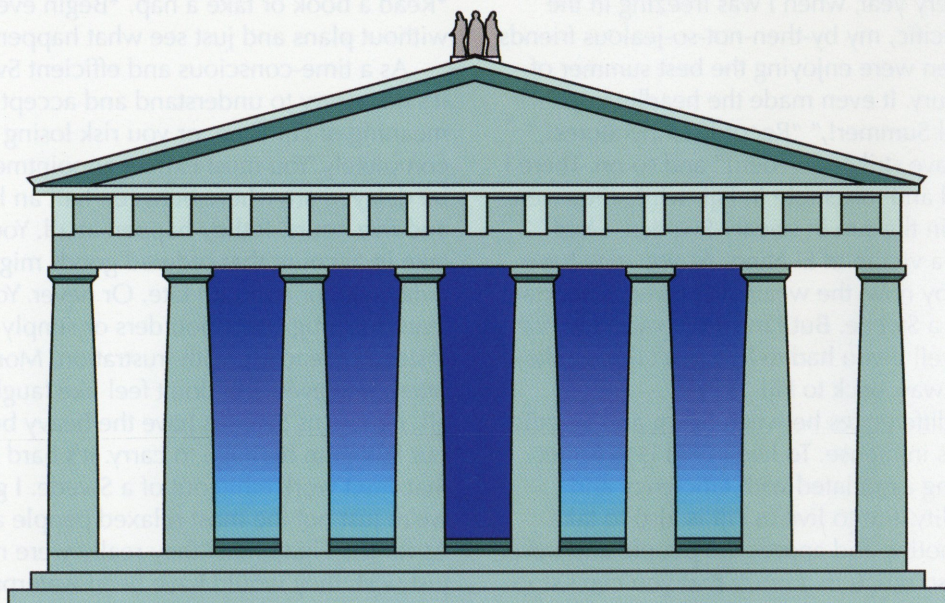
The situation now is much different. The environment is "friendly" toward student media and the problems with censorship are

very limited, to say the least. However, Greek student media nowadays is not responding to this friendly and encouraging environment. There are very few worthy attempts and most titles are one-shot efforts that never see a second issue. Most attempts are a result of work of a group of very few people and take a "lifestyle" or "post-lifestyle" approach toward student issues. One could say that student media in present have the role of an academic billboard. Some attempts are definitely worthwhile and could be called professional, but the way they approach subjects is in most cases superficial. That can be up to a point attributed to the general apathy governing the Greek student movement.

As a conclusion, I could say that the situation is at a first glance weird, but if one looks deeper into things, one will understand the true reasons. Back in 1968, student media had a role to play and that role, with the importance it carried, gave them a reason of existence. Now student media play a "decorative" role and are viewed as useless for the majority of the students.



By
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We have a right to be proud of our sexual nature

Sex is hot. Sex is hot because it sells and it is something that we often talk about. It has become a commodity as valuable as gold. People are willing to shell out their hard-earned money at movie theatres just to catch the latest scintillating film. Sexuality will always be interesting, and no one knows that better than Hollywood ... except, maybe, for the local university's femme fatale and her male equivalent.

Every university has a notorious sex-fiend, and more often than not he or she is referred to with disdain rather than the public praise on-screen male and female counterparts experience. It's OK for Sharon Stone to have erotic lovemaking scenes with various partners on screen. She is an icon — the glorified sexual goddess of the big screen. Yet, in real life and especially at the university, women who resemble the characters Sharon Stone portrays and seek the same sexual experiences are considered taboo.

The motto is "don't do it, and if you do it — don't tell."

Often, it is the person who tells who gets labeled. People who are honest about their sexuality are quickly labeled as slutty, cheap, easy — the list of unsavory adjectives goes on. The notoriety differs between males and females. Despite the barriers we've crossed and ladders we've climbed in the last century, we're still considered sluts if we sleep with different partners even though the same actions performed by a male are often met with praise!

Author Naomi Wolf writes in her book *Promiscuities*: "The taboo is not just a matter of good taste or good manners, it is functional. Women's sexual past is still used against them to undermine their sexual present.... When someone's past 'catches up with her,' the rest of us wait and watch. The woman is scapegoated and separated from the 'good girls'.... And, in the wake of the 'sexual revolution,' the line between 'good' and 'bad' girls is always shifting, keeping us unsteady, as it is meant to do. It will not be safe for us to live comfortably in our skins until we say: you can no longer separate us out from one another. We are all bad girls."

I decided to interview both male and female students at my university to see how young adults viewed sexuality, especially in relation to the female sexual experience. I asked them to define promiscuity and to relate it to their positions on sexual behaviour. During the time of the interview a female student named Debbie* had been labeled "the village bicycle (everyone gets a ride)." She was considered promiscuous by a majority of the student body and became the subject of many conversations

as well as the victim of various pranks. I asked those I interviewed how they felt about Debbie and why her actions made her such a gossip magnet.

When asked her definition of promiscuity, 18-year-old Caroline Morgan replied: "It's usually linked with a woman or girl, and if they're sexually promiscuous they usually get labeled with the name 'slut.' It can also mean a free woman. Someone who feels free to explore all of their sexual boundaries." Caroline said that Debbie's "kiss and tell" approach was not saving her reputation. "Obviously, girls aren't supposed to boast about it; nobody else is supposed to know. It's an unspoken thing. So the fact that she goes against all the previous standards sort of draws her into the spotlight."

Daniel James Corkery, 19, said that promiscuity "obviously intimates a certain number of partners and, I would say, a lack of intimacy as well. Sort of like casual sex and not only casual sex — repeat casual sex." He also believed that men were given more freedom when it came to sexuality and did not experience the social dilemma that sexually active females experienced. "I'd actually say that a lot of guys are a lot worse just because they can get away with it; it's not such a stigma," he said. When asked why women are getting the raw end of the deal in terms of sex, James said: "I would definitely say that women are labeled more promiscuous. Like, you've got the 'slut' tag right away. With guys it's not so much an issue as a sort of thing to promote yourself with. I really don't know why women would get the promiscuous tag more than men — perhaps, it's because society would expect them (women) to be more nurturing. With men, they argue that it's more in the genes and to have as many partners as possible and the whole Darwin argument and the necessity to breed. I'm really not an expert on the subject."

Years after the sexual revolution and the feminism movement, women are still not dealt the same cards as men when it comes to the issue of sex. Although more women and men seem to be aware of the need for equality when it comes to the male and female sexual experience, there are still many barriers and misconceptions that we have to break through. We have a right to be proud of our sexual nature regardless of our sex. That comes when we stop regarding people like Debbie as social pariahs and accept her for the healthy and sexual individual she is without the unfortunate adjectives of "slut" and "village bicycle."

*Debbie's real name has been withheld as a matter of privacy.



By
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'Schoolies Week' a week-long party to end all parties

Thousands of school leavers converge on Australian Gold Coast to celebrate

A teenager's definition of hell, without a doubt, is the 365 days they must endure as a 17-year-old — especially on the Gold Coast.

It's a case of "look but don't touch" for the multitude of under-age teens who wander aimlessly through the streets of Surfers Paradise every Friday and Saturday night.

Every November, however, these "kids" armed only with a wad of cash and a tube of lipstick/condom, converge on the Gold Coast for a week-long party to end all parties.

Love it or loathe it, there is no point even trying to escape the schoolies phenomenon!

So, what is the great attraction of schoolies week?

Is it the freedom, free-flowing alcohol, free love, or none of the above?

Two grade 12 students about to jump head-first into "Schoolies Week" on the Gold Coast shared their thoughts and expectations of the infamous week-long celebration. Final year St. Hilda's student Vanessa De Groot is intent on having the time of her life when schoolies

week finally rolls around — after all, she's been planning the event since Christmas last year.

"Schoolies marks the completion of all your schooling life and it's a time to spend with friends ... and have a huge party," Vanessa said. "You work really hard the whole year and then there is this week where you can just go wild."

Vanessa won't be paying any visits to the local tattoo parlour during her stint as a "schoolie," but she has organised a few devious activities. Unfortunately, these are under wraps.

"Most fun originates from being naughty," she said.

Vanessa does believe, however, that the real trouble is caused by "hanger-ons trying to relive their youth and ruin it for others."

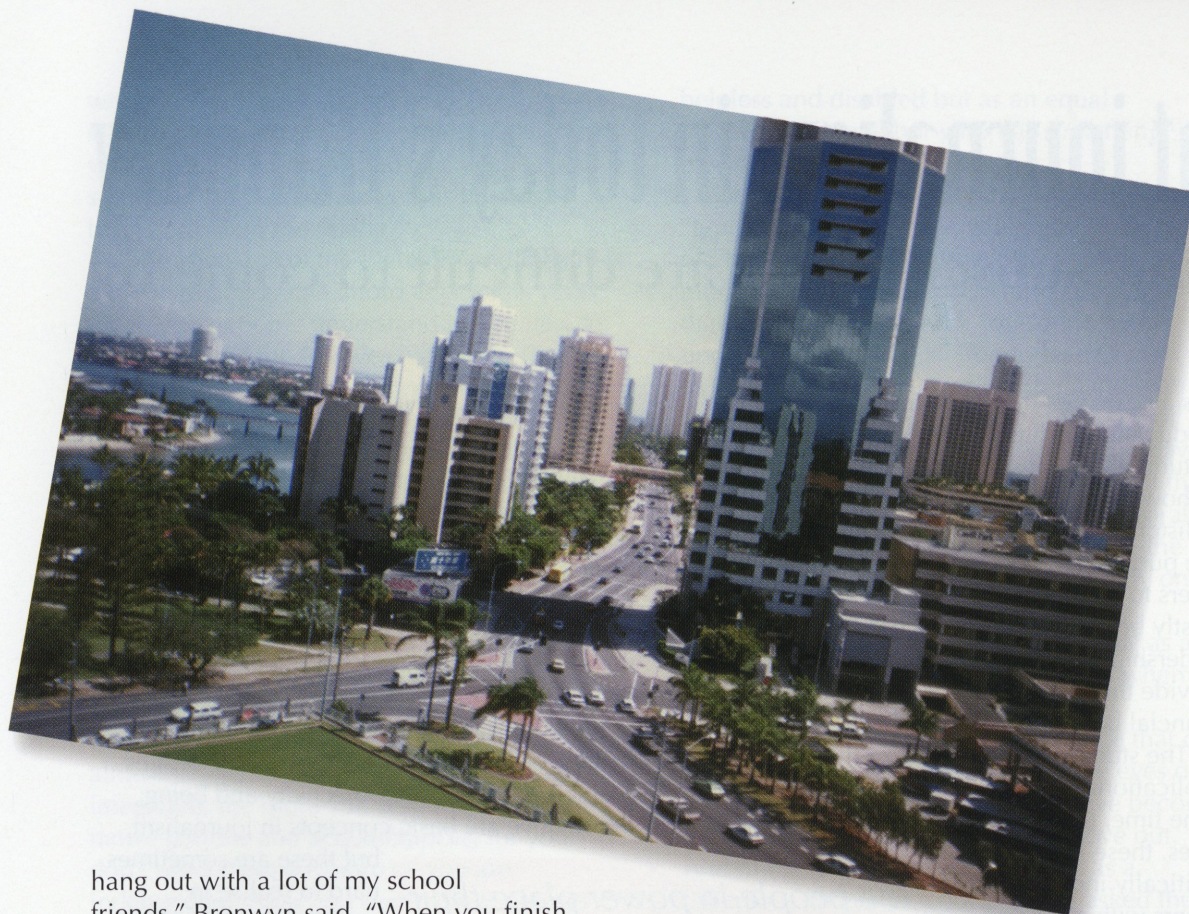
Trinity Lutheran College student Bronwyn Moresby-White is counting on the week being an absolute blast but also acknowledges the sentimental side of schoolies.

"It may be the last time I ever



By
Joanne Ialacci
Bond University
AUSTRALIA





hang out with a lot of my school friends,” Bronwyn said. “When you finish school, you’re supposed to be all grown up and mature, so I guess schoolies is just one last chance to be a kid and run amuck.”

Bronwyn plans on spending her days spotting talent (if you know what I mean) at the organised skateboarding and surfing competition as well as mingling with a number of fellow school leavers.

“I can’t wait to meet heaps of people from other schools and get to know a few people I went to school with better,” Bronwyn said.

For both girls, Surfers Paradise has always been the one and only location to celebrate schoolies. Vanessa and Bronwyn agree Surfers is the place to be this November with the beach, the nightclubs (not that either of them are of legal age yet), and the general party atmosphere.

There are no objections from this reporter

— 1996 was the year I entered the schoolies jungle, a.k.a Surfers Paradise. Equipped with the essentials — a portable stereo, a Spice Girls Wannabe CD single, and numerous bulging suitcases — my friends and I ventured into Cavill Ave. every night sporting tight Barbie tees (!), pink sunglasses (?), and satin dresses closely resembling risque lingerie. The fashion police must have been extremely busy with other culprits during the week otherwise they wouldn’t have overlooked our blatant lack of taste.

I can also relate to the deviant nature of schoolies. Put it this way, when the week wrapped up, our left-over eggs didn’t quite make it to the rubbish bin (much to the disgust of a few rather unsuspecting victims).

So basically, to ensure your schoolies (mis)adventure is not an anti-climax, you must make your own fun (be creative) and not pin every one of your hopes and dreams on the week (don’t take it too seriously). And take note, you are only a “bona fide” schoolie once in your life, so make sure you can remember at least some of it!



Student journalism in today's Hungary

Advertising, subscriptions are difficult to come by

It is a basic fact that there are no higher education institutions in Hungary without student journalism. All students want to show themselves to the public, all want to be listened to. Student papers come and go; if one publication ceases to exist, there are two others to take its place. These changes can mostly be attributed to the changes in the leadership of the student councils (these provide the majority of these papers with financial background and infrastructure).

The students basically make these publications about and for themselves. At the same time, there are ideals to follow. In most

cases, these ideals are politically independent papers with a greater circulation. This forced following of ideals often leads to dull, school-bookish articles which do not deal with the everyday life of students but include political essays. This colourless political style does not really interest students.

The extremely active student movements of the reform era calmed down, the situation of students consolidated; now, most of them concentrate on their studies.

There is a peculiar species called student journalists. They have to face the fact that press is power, it is able to affect or even manipulate the attitudes of the individuals. The situation of Hungarian student journalism is rather complex nowadays. Most university/college periodicals are financed and published by the institutions themselves or student councils, which largely depend on the institutions. Responsible publishers have the right to view the content of the publications before they go to press. So they can veto articles or even the publication of the papers. A typical example is the paper (or, to be more exact, the papers) of the largest

faculty in Hungary, the Faculty of Arts of Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest. As the leaders of the Student Council have changed, the papers and their staff have also changed. The people in power place their own cadres in the important positions and, conscious of this power position, responsible publishers often attempt to use student papers to publish information serving the interests of the power. This leads to a tense situation: if the journalist evaluates the activity of the publisher (i.e. the student council, the faculty, or the university), he/she experiences pressure from above. Objectivity and being informative are basic concepts in journalism,

but these are sometimes hard to realise in universities and colleges.

There have been attempts to achieve the above-mentioned two goals at a national level with more or less success. At the media department of Eötvös Loránd University, a paper called *Világegyetem* (Universe) was founded three years

ago with the help of professors and professional experts. They had infrastructure, skill, and enthusiasm, but financial problems (lack of advertisers) came and the paper disappeared from the scene. There is a similar new publication, *Index*, which appeared a month ago; it will be interesting to see if it can survive. The only independent student newspaper distributed countrywide, the only such publication which has been able to maintain itself for years is *DiákInfo* (Student Info), which will be discussed in more detail later.

These independent periodicals find the greatest difficulties in finances as a result of their independence from single universities, political parties, and the government. So there only two sources of financing: advertisements

The people in power place their own cadres in the important positions and, conscious of this power position, responsible publishers often attempt to use student papers to publish information serving the interests of the power.



By
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and (negligible) sales incomes. The problem with advertisements is that advertisers are more willing to put money in a daily paper with a large circulation than in a higher education paper appearing once or twice a month. If the price of the student papers rose high enough to provide some profit, it could not be sold, because students could not afford to buy them.

There are a number of successful local attempts, too. *Campus*, a student paper from Pécs (the seat of Baranya county with approximately 175,000 inhabitants) has become one of the most significant media in the town. Besides its university reading public, it is read by several other inhabitants of the town. It is an interesting amalgam of student issues, news, and other information commanding county interest.

When discussing the situation of student journalism in Hungary, one has to consider another basic fact. There are only a few publications which are written and edited by promising future experts, the students of journalism. Even student papers with a considerable past employ students with journalistic ambitions lacking the necessary theoretical and practical knowledge. In our opinion, well-trained young journalists are not essential factors for maintaining a creative and productive paper; however, Hungarian amateur papers tend to fail in judging objectivity and news value. In some cases such authors write about personal problems, views which do not command public interest. The incorrect usage of genres is another problematic point. Anyway, students usually read these papers with some natural love and forbearance knowing that articles by fellow students are published within their own institution.

Local student periodicals in Hungary are mostly about university/college issues, cultural, and higher education news. The above-mentioned independent publications distributed countrywide are primarily about universal political and cultural issues and only secondarily about local matters. All student papers intend to give publicity to the students themselves — their poems, essays, and readers' letters. They try to cover all sides of student life:

study and dormitory issues, literature, theatre, cinema, music, sports, etc.

DiákInfó, the newspaper we work for, appeared six years ago with the intention of stimulating the flow of information between higher education institutions and their students. It was originally four pages based on advertisements, but in the course of these



Young Central European journalists participate in a Student Voice conference in Croatia

six years it became a colourful monthly paper. It is independent of political groups, institutions, and student organisations. Therefore, the financing is based on the invested private capital, some funding received by application and advertisements. The income from subscriptions is insignificant, so keeping the paper at the level achieved throughout the years requires a serious marketing background.

The main profile of the paper is higher education problems and policies and background information concerning them. The ratio of the topics typical for local papers is lower since the students are informed about them locally. *DiákInfó* also tries to circulate information necessary for the everyday life of students and it includes application and scholarship news. It also covers issues such as environment protection and mental hygiene. The staff of the paper is heterogeneous — it consists of trained professionals, journalism students, and enthusiastic amateurs.

Our staff is currently planning to increase the number of columns and include a wider range of topics commanding student interest in order to make the paper more colourful and marketable.



The not-so-glorious past of student journalism in Hungary

The effect of 1968 on Hungarian universities

The 1960s. Seeing rock and pop music and long uncombed hair and jeans, one had to realise that a part of society wanted to create their own political and cultural sphere. The need to create theory and philosophy in which individual interests and social aims, freedom of will, and social construction would coexist emerged. In the 1960s the imperfections of the West-European democracies and the East-European socialisms became more and more visible. The activity of the youth already interested in politics increased. Student movements appeared in about 50 countries in this era and, more importantly, in some countries they were able to bring local political crises to a head.

The events that followed partly proved and partly disproved the anarchistic theories (e.g. students are the primary revolutionary force) accepted by the majority of the youth. It is true that they were the first who appeared on the streets and faced the power, but one also has to consider that these movements could only become strong in cooperation with other revolutionary social spheres. In the West, the best examples were the students of France and West Germany; in the East, the youngsters of Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia were especially active.

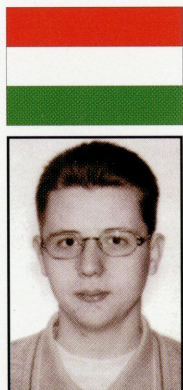
In the West, the primary aims were: improving the situation of universities, receiving autonomy, creating real welfare states, and the severe criticism of the Vietnam War. In East Europe the situation was somewhat more complex, the problems were even more related to politics. Since it is impossible to analyse the international and European situation in short, in the first part of the story I would like to interpret the events in Hungary considering the attitudes of the students and the appearance of revolutionary ideas in the contemporary student media.

Openly published information can be said to

represent the first level of information by which criticism is channelled. From the official information issued, the attitudes of the Hungarian government could be clearly seen. All papers wrote that "the People's Republic of Hungary, at the request of the party and state officials of the neighbouring Czechoslovakia, is willing to provide brotherly help — even armed support — to put down the counter-revolutionary activities caused by internal anti-socialist and external imperialist forces." It is not our role to judge these statements, so let's see if there were other, non-official attitudes concerning this topic. Journals which were not on sale to the public but were circulated among those concerned should be mentioned. A semi-public journal called *A Politikai Foiskola Közleményei* (Announcements of the Political College) approached the issue with a greater openness. Yearbooks, almanacs, and university pamphlets also belong to this category. There was also another, more underground factor: the so-called samizdat publications, which circulated in manuscripts or typescripts outside the centrally controlled and censored system of publication. These papers circulated among up to 1,000 people, but could reach a greater reading public among the people of the universities.

Of all the various intellectual groups in Hungary, the greatest attention from the West was shown toward "Új Baloldal" (New Left), also known as the Budapest School. The invasion of Czechoslovakia had quite a considerable impact on the Left in Hungary. This group of intellectuals took a stand against the above-mentioned "brotherly help" of the communist countries. This opinion was published in a letter written during a conference on the island of Korcula. They — unfortunately — miscalculated the outcome of the Czechoslovak reform attempt and expected that these reforms would also be introduced in Hungary fairly soon. On the other hand, the regime miscalculated the effect of the Czechoslovakian events on the society of the universities, especially in the capital, Budapest.

The student press was strongly censored; for example, no articles on the topic appeared in the 1968 and 1969 issues of *Egyetemi Lapok* (University Papers), the paper of the largest Hungarian university, Eötvös Loránd University. There was only one article with a very cynical voice that mentioned the revolutionary events. In all the issues of the paper the foci were the *Kommunista Ifjúsági Szövetség* (Young Communist League), major and minor



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communist activities, anniversaries, and university news (examination dates, cultural and sports events). Besides these, a university reform — a new system of examinations, student fees, and support — to be introduced was also discussed.

In the winter of 1968-69, an activist campaign supporting the government's policies concerning Czechoslovakia was launched and this resulted in hostile reaction among student circles. The above-mentioned university reform was introduced in January 1969 with the aim of providing the students with more representation in the affairs of their universities. It was probably intended to be a facade for students creating the impression that they really had a voice in important matters. It proved to be a failure; the Young Communist League lost its influence and a new leadership supported by populists and left-urbanists took over. The government did not take a direct action since it believed that this unofficial alliance was fragile. It took the regime about four years to consolidate its control over the universities, and many of those graduating from universities after 1969 were blacklisted. In 1973, the government declared the ideas of the Budapest School to be in contradiction with Marxism-Leninism and the interests of the Hungarian People's Republic. The most significant figures of the Budapest School were excluded from public life and lost their jobs.

The university intelligentsia and 'the wind of change'

The 1960s were peculiar years in politics and society and as such, seem to have increased the political activity of the students (the same phenomenon appeared in the 1980s before the political reforms in Hungary). If a chance to achieve major changes in politics could be seen, the standing water of the Hungarian goulash-communism became stirred. The central factor in this was the university intelligentsia. As the starting point of the samizdat literature suggesting political reforms, we can consider a package of writings whose name was Samizdat 1976. Between 1976 and 1980, the circulation of the package did not exceed 200 copies, but this publication was already an achievement representing the political pressure on science, culture, and art weakened. In the universities, an intention to form "intellectual islands of democracy" emerged. The most active figures of the democratic movements of the era have not fallen into the background. We can notice some of them in the Young Democrats' Alliance, which

has been one of the most significant organisations in the course of Hungary's 10 years of social-political reforms. As a result of the elections of 1998, it is now the strongest party in the government of Hungary.

This young generation of intellectuals actively participated in the distribution of samizdat literature. In the mid-1980s, an independent publishing company was founded by Gábor Demszky, the present mayor of Budapest. In 1989, the political reforms in Hungary were more characterised by discussions between the government and reform forces than by revolution-like events similar to those happening in East Germany. All these events — mainly as a result of the Gorbachevian policies around 1985 — got some publicity in university papers. A large number of articles was written by reform politicians still attending universities and colleges. The 1988 issue of *Egyetemi Lapok* already analysed Gorbachev's reform policies and his books on this topic, which could not be published in Budapest at that time. The first American journey descriptions appeared and the articles more and more openly analysed the contemporary political-economic situation. In some cultural-historical articles the 1968 events were discussed and — with a delay of 20 years — their consequences were drawn. 1988 was mentioned as the year of the reforms: the students started talk about political reforms, a need for a new constitution, and the expected fall of communism. In 1989, the representatives of new political forces began to write articles for *Egyetemi Lapok*. The programmes of the new parties were published in it, as the editors wanted to convince the students about the necessity of a new future.

There was only one time in the last decade that the university youth tried to have a say in the Hungarian political life. In 1995, tuition fees were introduced in Hungarian state higher education and from the first months of that year, there were several nationwide protests and forums to force the government to rescind its tuition fee act. Although these protests were supported by opposition politicians, the measure could not be changed as a result of the absolute majority of the governing socialist-liberal coalition. The leaders of the students were not potent enough, and without a strong leadership, the students were unable to force their will on the government. Although these actions were present in the media of Hungary, they are not the prides of Hungarian student activity in politics.



Becoming a friend among strangers & a stranger among friends

Successfully integrating yourself into a new culture takes time, patience

[Editor's note: Inna moved to Germany from Russia with her family about six years ago. In Germany, resident aliens often experience many difficulties gaining acceptance from society. Her thoughts and feelings about this problem are shown in this article.]

Have you ever felt like a foreigner? Not just a tourist who cruises the foreign country on a bus and looks at the land from behind the window, but a "stationary alien" who lives constantly in a strange society. It is an experience of a lifetime when you understand that everything that before was natural to you and everything that you thought was your home is now gone. Only when you are able to realize this will the world be different.

At the beginning of your new life in a new country there are feelings of total optimism and euphoria — one is exploring the new rules and constantly compares the old with the new. In the process, one tries to search for all the positive aspects in all these discoveries, for one wants to live here forever. In other words, one needs to convince himself or herself that the new place is better than the old home and that it was the right decision to leave.

Nonetheless, after a while one finds out that the word describing "experience" is in the new land the same term for "helplessness." For example, the terms such "relationships" or "acquaintances" suddenly disappear from your life, for there are none. They will return only after a "new lifetime" in which you start to attend a college, in which you grow up together with your neighbors. Only then will you get the so-called "relationships" and "acquaintances" back. But until you get to this point, you are with all your problems practically alone.

There are, of course, many people who go

through the same thing. However, the same helpless people cannot give you what you need — the feeling that you are not a "foreigner." On the other hand, there are many people who are willing to help you for they love to experience the feeling of being somehow useful. These, however, are people who have never been accepted in their own homeland. You don't clearly recognize this at the beginning; you are happy that you finally found the entrance to the "natives" and with that the desired acknowledgement.

In the gratitude that you don't have to observe life from aside but are able to take an active part in it, you try to forget all your former values, habits, and mentalities. In the effort to acquire the new culture, you buy the national cookbooks, attend the national festivals, and invite people to parties. Your ability to speak the new language is not as good, nevertheless it is the unseparable sign of who you are and by what you are recognized.

Learning the new language is the most exciting experience, for what you have learned before in the school (vocabulary with topics like "In the store" or "At the train station") is all practically useless. Such topics seem nice only in the books, not in the modern dynamic language. In addition, you have to learn the language of the bureaucrats, whose art of speaking is often incomprehensible even for the natives and often the subject of many jokes. However, you have to understand the way they communicate for you often meet them, write them, and listen to them.

Next, you have to understand the slang and the "street language." These are all word phrases used by the grandmas and aunts on the streets and in the neighborhood asking you about where you have lived before and why you came here. After a while, you manage very easily to answer all the questions people have



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when they discover your accent. The answers will come as a memorized poem. Television, with its endless movies and bad words that sometimes get spilled on you, is the best teacher to learn the "slang."

The language of the literature and theatre is a luxury that you can afford after a few years, when you not only understand it, but also, to the surprise of the "natives," speak it. The next step toward a successful integration is usually more or less an ordinary job. Of course, it is not a dream job — you begin many steps lower compared to your former expectations, but at least it allows you to get some kind of independence. In addition, you transfer your "place to stay" into an apartment, you buy a car, get used to the church choir, and stop to feel inferior.

Nonetheless, it does not matter how hard you try: you will still be seen as somebody from a circus show — "look, a foreigner, but almost the same like us." The more you get integrated, the more you disturb yesterday's native patrons and acquaintances, for you don't need them anymore — you are independent. Now you start to hear phrases like "They all come here just to take our jobs!" This sentence is the crowning of the

"integration": now, you are
not treated as

helpless and disabled but as an equal colleague or neighbor who has something enviable.

Some years have passed. You are living a "typically local" life and when you visit your old home, you feel that the new lifestyle is much more comprehensible and comfortable than here in the old land. You suddenly understand that all the effort to learn a new language and culture was worth it, and that you really became a German, American, or French (depending on what country you have emigrated to). You will understand that all the thoughts of going back if things get unbearable were just self-betraying attempts, for the decision to be a "foreigner" is made only once in a lifetime.

You are a foreigner and you will stay as a foreigner for the rest of your life, even when you return back home.

That is the kind of a life experience that can not be reversed nor cleaned — in the eyes of the people in your old home you have become a foreigner with your decision to move out. And in the new home you are seen as a ridiculous character who is always asked the same questions and provides the same memorized answers. You become a friend among the strangers and a stranger among the friends. In other words, you have successfully integrated yourself into the new culture.



The Market Place in Trier



Will email make letter writing obsolete?

The new form of communication — chatting — has gained much popularity in the recent years, especially among young people who tend to use the new-techie stuff first. In fact, chatting became the main theme of the movie *You've got mail!* The film tried to show communication between two people under limited circumstances — in the situation where both of the actors are anonymous. Of course, it is not that easy to talk with someone whom you can not see and probably have never seen before.

The chat may resemble a transcript of a telephone call in which nonverbal communication is not possible, however, the tone of the voice may help to understand the meaning: the same sentence that is spoken in a different tone is also interpreted differently by the communicators. Nevertheless, in a virtual chatroom one depends on a totally different level of communication — on writing.

The tone of the voice, an important helping factor in the communication, is in writing absent. Therefore, people in the chatrooms made up the so-called chatting signs that help to replace the tone of voice. Although some people may find it difficult to use them, for they take too much time to think of which sign is the most appropriate and this may interrupt the flow of communication, these signs do in fact replace our nonverbal communication and emotions very well.

The most frequently used signs are the ones that replace our basic emotions, face gestures, and accent. For example, a simple :-)) expresses a smile, grin, or joy. On the other hand, :-(means sadness.

After a while, one gets used to these "speech communicators," and their use becomes as natural and frequent as sending emails. More importantly, in the process they also slowly change the writing habits. It can be clearly recognized that people who are used to communicating on the Net lose their willingness and ability to write traditional letters.

The epistolography in itself is then in danger, for people do not give as much value to the paper and ink and prefer to type the letter rather than to use hand-writing. All the writing formalities are dying, and even the content with

its smiley-faces becomes more important.

The never ending philosophical debate of what makes what — the style making the content or vice-versa — is for the communication researchers finally resolved: The content is the primary factor, for the communication of the daily business is much more comfortably done via email than by the traditional mail.

All these arguments are from someone who not only learned the culture of writing in school, but is also used to write letters on a traditional basis that was practiced for centuries. However, what will happen to people who are used to write only emails with their funky smileys and don't expect to write anything else? Will they ever learn to express their feelings in a useful combination of words, or will they rely only on their strings of punctuation characters? If people on the Internet divide their feelings only on smiles and sadness, does it mean that they will limit their feelings the same "black or white" way in the real life?

It is not about psychological aspects of traditional letter-communication nor about the problem that arises with the use of the new media — the more one uses them, the less one communicates in a real life. It is about questioning how will it affect the letter-culture in the next few years in which the use of fast and progressive communication technology such as fax or computer will become even more spread out.

Can the letter, as we today know it, tomorrow disappear? Or did the new selection phase — letter and telephone for something personal and email and chat for fun and information — already began?

Is it possible for these two different forms — the letter and email — to peacefully stand by each other without one dissolving the other? How fast and in what directions do these communication forms evolve? Are we forced to preserve the traditional epistolography or should we rather leave it and let the natural selection take place? Or is this questioning incorrect just like the same co-existency fight between newspaper and TV or book and theater?

Hopefully, there will be no day in which sending a love-letter via email will become a normality and the excitement of opening that letter for the someone will disappear.



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Student media in Russia must be independent & provoke thought

Student voice in the countries of political instability/clashes/crisis: to begin with, let us focus on the goals and the tradeoffs of contemporary student journalism. In an unstable environment every individual feels unstable, and the first thing he or she does is try to analyze the situation. The analysis stage is the stage where media step in, for that is their primary function. A situation usually seems to be worth doing two things about: either being active (going out in the streets on strike or looking for theoretical solutions) or staying aside of the conflict, basically here the goal is to survive.

Unfortunately, the latter predominates in Russia nowadays. Many representatives of the "fourth power" do no more than ask rhetorical questions or speak the high brow language of "still we are the most special nation," discrediting the actual power of journalism as such. The recent all-the-vogue demonstrations and coming up with new solutions are no longer popular among the people for they no longer believe in their homeland. As one young man has confessed on TV, "we do love Russia, but our love is not mutual." In order not to be exceptionally gloomy, most of the student media deal mostly in very small, everyday issues, motivating their bias with "everyone's being tired of politics." This way, the staying aside pathos is emphasized even more heavily. That is why joint projects prove to be more effective.

Newspapers and magazines with multiethnic editorial board, where journalists with different ethnic and historic backgrounds brainstorm on problems in various countries, provide for many advantages. You realize you're not alone and that someone else is interested in your country, and you receive a fresh, objective view from people who are not directly involved in your own country's problems. *Collage* is an example of this joint effort. It is a magazine issued in Prague mainly dealing in international relations, both politics and culture included. Whoever is interested can write me and I will contact our editor, Maegon Barlow, in Prague for you.

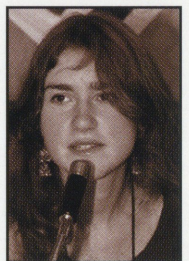
Another interesting project

we began years ago is *The Bradley Herald*, a magazine for exchange students from the Commonwealth of Independent States who have returned home after living and studying in the U.S. The magazine has the goal to help them adapt back home and also acts as

a newsletter so that people communicate and do not get lost. *The Bradley Herald* also has a chat room in the Internet

As for the domestic projects, the ones truly effective are mainly presented on TV. They are either mastered purely by teenagers and young people or in cooperation with professional media people. The point is that young viewers, listeners, and readers can easily be attracted by political and cultural issues if those are adequately designed, rhythmically cut, and allow for the most outrageous opinions, too. Such shows bloom on the state TV subsidized fairly well by the state.

Unfortunately, the extreme groups seem to be more politically involved and they have their issues. They are using the crisis in Russia to discredit the idea of true democracy while the crisis is actually the fruit of both the post communistic and false democratic society. The ideal student media that would be both independent and good quality should deal in everything. The public is often underestimated. Surely, it is not only gossips, cars, fashion, and the horoscope that a common reader is interested in. The media's goal is to give the common reader some food for thought on the most controversial issues, but do that professionally, having each side express their views. Not the spooky issue of a sensational crime overview, cheeky and primitive, but the well-designed powerful thought provoker with all your life in it is the answer.



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Finding decent student housing no small chore

Students should be careful when apartment is described as 'comfortable'

Maybe one day a spoiled rich man will remember his student days and start building a nice student city in which everything would be adjusted to students and the accommodations would be bearable. Until then, students will satisfy their existential need for housing by placing themselves in one of the following categories. The first is comprised of those who have satisfied the 101 criteria set by the Student Center's sector for housing and have received a dorm room. The second category consists of the (un)fortunate ones who sleep in rented rooms, and the third, some would say the luckiest, makes up those in rented apartments.

We ran a small survey and found the following results: almost all students would like to live in an apartment (preferably their own) and not in a dorm.

However, there are those (both of them) who would not exchange their dorm rooms for all the apartments in Zagreb. Students who live in rented rooms would rather move to the dorms but can't do so, while they consider living in an apartment too luxurious. The comments of the third category are mostly linked to the cost.

Not forgetting the students who live in Zagreb (about half), we asked them a few questions as well. They would all gladly leave their dear parents and live independently far away from them. Some mentioned "ideological misunderstandings," but most stick to their parents' cash since "personal cash is insecure cash." Zagreb students envy their colleagues from other regions since "they can do what they want, and we are like small kids under the parental shoe." However, when Zagreb students hear that students "from other regions" are often hungry ("...drank all my money...") and have frequent problems with

landlords (especially if they live in private rooms in homes of retired folks), they often arrive at the conclusion that life with parents is not sobad since (without them) it could be worse.

Zagreb currently has around 55,000 students. Half of them are from Zagreb and have assured housing. Student dorms have 7,130 beds. So students mostly live in private housing, which they pay a certain amount of Deutsch Marks.

The real side of the story

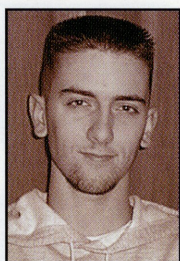
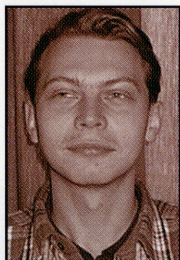
The state should, of course, have some benefit from landlord businesses, which obligates them to pay taxes. In the Zagreb District tax bureau, they say the landlord pays

tax on the profit from room or apartment renting in case he or she reports the sublettee. For the rent of under 2100 kuna, the tax is 25 percent, while rents above that figure are taxed 35 percent. In reality: you pay 500 DEM rent and the landlord reports you (since he is an honest and law-abiding citizen) and for doing

so has to give the state 25 percent of that amount, 125 DEM, leaving him with 375 DEM. All this means if the landlord would be looking to profit all 500 DEM, you'd have to pay him around 625 DEM monthly! Therefore neither I nor any of the students I talked to have ever heard of a case of reporting subletees.

Landlords whom we caught during rent collecting said the tax is "simple stupidity and students should protest since the state is trying to deepen their poorness," and some have never heard of it (which goes to show socialism hasn't been exterminated). Basically, no one pays the tax, nor has the intention to

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do so. Only one example of a landlord (finally) reporting his sublettee is known to us, and the result is the rent going up from 400 to 500 DEM.

What it all looks like in real life

Students searching for a room or apartment can experience just about everything. If you feel your case is the worst, read the following paragraphs to be dissuaded. When an average student starts searching, he usually grabs the ad section and throws himself at number dialing. Ads (too) often contain the word "comfortable." What landlords understand by the expression is extremely interesting.

Imagine "a comfortable double-room apartment" on the first floor of a family house, which stinks since "the landlord's mother recently passed away in it" and the wife "didn't get around to ventilating." The kitchen brings back memories of 100-200 years ago, when people knew not of electricity or gas, or even windows. The bathroom is filled with an antique laundromat the size of a closet, at least 30 years old, which the landlord "hasn't used in a long time." The rooms have a puking atmosphere, and the house has a yard which you "can fix up if you'd like," but no one goes into for fear of a runaway Amazon snake. All in all, I wouldn't place my dog there. Not forgetting the cherry on top, the apartment was 400 DEM monthly, three months in advance.

One student found a nice one-room apartment, paid 300 DEM, and moved in with his girlfriend. There was noticeable dampness on the walls, but the two of them didn't care much at that price. A month later, while moving the furniture, behind the closet they noticed mushrooms (probably uneatable) in the last stage of development, at least 20 centimeters tall. When they accidentally opened the oven, mushrooms again, except the shape of the oven disturbed their growth. And they were able to live on, except the girlfriend started to show signs of rheumatism, so they moved out. In the meantime, the mushrooms

became an attraction for guests.

If a student lives or plans to in a rented room, he has to be prepared for absolutely everything. In short, when you start losing your temper while squabbling with all sorts of old ladies, don't wish them a quick death since they have so little left over anyway. Speaking of dying, one student told a story of returning to the apartment where he had rented a room,

saying hello to his landlord who was sitting over dinner leaning on her elbow. When leaving in the morning, he said hello again, but wondered at the identical pose the woman took as yesterday, not replying again. Most interesting was the untouched dinner. Then he understood. The woman went to seek God, and

the frustrated student a new room.

Another student spent an entire weekend locked in her room since the landlord went to visit his folks and in the fear of her robbing him, locked every room in the house including (by mistake) hers. Luckily, she survived and was able to tell the story.

These are some extreme examples, but the following are so frequent that they could be made into "Rules of room renting": no visits. Not even your boyfriend or girlfriend are allowed, not to mention them sleeping over. Many have specific coming and going times, which means the student is in some sort of prison, and guilty only of being a student.

And how much does prison cost? If very lucky, you will find a room for 150 DEM, five kilometers from the center of town or a cafeteria. But most will dish out 200 to 350 DEM and hope to find a humane landlord.

While searching for an apartment, don't curse out your parents for being too young in their golden years to buy an apartment in the metropolis, as others have. You will have the privilege to claim that you were the real original and average (read: poor and desperate) student, whose sunshine came only later. Who knows, maybe the stars picked you for the rich man from the beginning of the story.

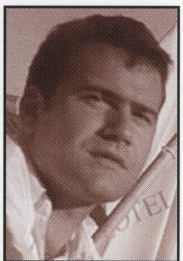
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War reporting in Croatia

(1991-1995)

Shooting the truth



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About Croatia:

Croatia is a Central European and a Mediterranean country with a very pleasant climate, gorgeous landscape, and a very turbulent history. Did you know that Croatia is:

- the homeland of Toni Kukoc,
- the homeland of "101 Dalmatians" (Dalmatia is the region on the Adriatic Coast),
- the homeland of the necktie (invented by a man called Croata, that's why it is in many languages called "kravata").

After World War II, Croatia became part of the Socialistic Federal Republic of Yugoslavia and stayed in the union until the wind of change swept communism away. In 1991, Croatia decided to step out from the Communist Block and declared its independence. Communist forces concentrated in Serbia started severe military aggression trying to sustain the regime that was falling apart. Journalists had to carry out a great deal of the war burden, not just in Croatia but also in Bosnia and Herzegovina, which faced even greater horror.

According to a 10-year tally prepared by the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), 474 journalists were killed between 1987 and 1996. Regarding the number of journalists killed in wars, the most dangerous countries were Algeria (60 killed), Colombia (41), the Philippines (30), Russia (29), Tajikistan (29), Croatia (26), Bosnia and Herzegovina (21), and Turkey (20). The main criterion for being counted on this list was: "whether the nature of the assignment placed the journalist

in harm's way."

"Last year when we were in Osijek, Croatia, we could still joke around. Today, now that 29 reporters have been killed in Croatia and Bosnia and Herzegovina, which is half of the whole number journalists killed in the Vietnam War — the flack jacket has become our trademark," explained a Visnews reporter in October 1992.

The war in Croatia (1991-1995) and ex-Yugoslavia is going to be remembered in the journalistic profession as one of the most devastating. Within the first two months of the war, five journalists were killed and another 47



attacks on reporters were registered in Slovenia and Croatia. Among the first victims were two foreign correspondents and three Croatians. Nationality was no protection.

By the beginning of 1992, it became obvious that the PRESS sign in this war wasn't a shield, but a target, one that seemed to become increasingly popular in the last two years. It should be noted that the International Convention in 1948 accepted the PRESS sign as an international mark that enables journalists, both in peace and war, to do their job safely and unimpeded. Most of the time, even in the battlefields, the insignia PRESS has been honored.

Journalists who witnessed wars in Vietnam, Iraq, and Lebanon said that their profession was highly respected most of the time.

"Yes, some journalists did die in those wars, but if you take a look at the time period the wars lasted and the number of killed journalists, you'll notice that the war in ex-Yugoslavia is one of the most tragic and shameful for our profession. Reporters were shot by snipers! Unbelievable. They were taking their PRESS signs off because they didn't want to be a perfect target for terrorists who wanted to silence the truth," reported the



International Federation of Journalists from Brussels in 1991.

Indeed during the two Vietnam wars (French and American), a total of 15 years, 60 journalist were killed. In just four years of war in the former Yugoslavia, there were 50 deaths.

Reporter Sans Frontiers secretary general Robert Menard explains: "I think the reason Vietnam was different was because journalists were not specifically targeted. Obviously a bullet is not going to distinguish between a military person and a journalist, and if you are in the trajectory of a bullet you are going to be hit, but there they were not specifically targeted. That was not the case in former Yugoslavia. There was a team that wanted to show images that one of the groups involved in the conflict did not want them to show. And so they were targeted. In that kind of situation, how can you protect yourself? Because we are not just talking about the risks of the job, but about a situation you yourself are targeted. In that kind of situation, equipment such as flak jackets, armored cars, and training no longer helps. On the contrary, it helps to identify the target people want to aim at."

Straight from hell

Journalists who died trying to tell their stories attracted public attention. Professional organizations protested their deaths, to no avail. If it were possible to measure the tragedy of death, the stories of Goran Lederer and Sinisa Glavasevic would represent the worst of horrors.

They told tales of human suffering. They used to leave people speechless, frozen in front of their TV screens or radios. One spoke with pictures, another with words. They each told the story of their own death!

Goran Lederer, a Croatian TV cameraman, was shot in August 1991 by a sniper and then literally blown away with a shell. His camera

was on all the time and recorded his own death.

His material always had a touch of professional exclusivity, and his stories were always authentic and unique. Even his last story. He was the only one killed in the group of soldiers he had joined that day.

In 1997, newspapers broke the story: "Sinisa Glavasevic's body exhumed from the mass grave at the village of Ovcara, near Vukovar." The headline ended more than five years of waiting in agony for whatever happened to Sinisa Glavasevic, the managing editor of Radio Vukovar, and Branimir Polovina, the radio station technician.

Throughout the three-month siege of the Eastern Slavonian city in 1991, Sinisa was trying to broadcast news about Vukovar and the saga of human inhumanity. Deep underground, without water or electricity, Sinisa and his team improvised a small studio that daily reported on civilian casualties who couldn't leave the ring of death. In each and every one of his reports, he would finish with the words: "Vukovar will never surrender!"

Sinisa was a hero of the profession and the people of Vukovar. The city of Vukovar finally fell in November 1991, and for more than five years he was listed as "Missing." His funeral

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took place in Zagreb, in March 1997. A few days later, Amnesty International, in its Call for Justice for Sinisa Glavasevic and Other Victims



of Unlawful Execution in Vukovar, wrote: "Sinisa Glavasevic was unlawfully executed after the fall of Vukovar to the forces of the Yugoslav National Army (JNA) and Serbian paramilitary groups in 1991."

Journalists in this war found not just their professional skills tested, but also their ethics, objectivity, and even their intelligence, if we define intelligence as the capability of coping with new and unknown situations. It turns out that the young journalists were the ones who carried out the real war reporting in Croatia. Creative and free of prejudices, they had moved beyond the old generation of journalists who couldn't get away from the old, passive reporting they were taught when briefed by some Communist committee.

A fax, a telephone, and an underground residence were all you needed for a Press Center. Photo reporters had particular deadline problems: "No water, no electricity, no living



conditions, and I wanted to develop a film," said one of the youngest legends of war photography in Croatia. "Dubrovnik was burning, and I had to send those photos. I tried to develop them in rainwater. I was running around begging people to warm it up for me if they had any gasoline left. I improvised a dark chamber, and then, the phone lines were cut off.... My God, I was freaking out; they had to publish the pictures tomorrow, I thought. The most beautiful town on Adria was on fire and everybody had to see it. The truth had to be revealed. Tomorrow! Finally, I took the negatives and, avoiding the deadly shells, I ran to give them to the captain of the ship that was just about to leave for Split. It takes 10 hours by boat to get there, and the photographs were just going to make the deadline, I thought... And, you know what happened: my carrier got scared of a military inspection and threw all the negatives overboard!"

Journalists use their ingenuity

Every war has its propaganda arm. It was especially brutal in this one. Communications were interrupted in every possible way. Once an information barrier is built, propaganda activities can begin. The communication system in Croatia was threatened from the air. Most of the roads and railways in the country were destroyed or severely damaged by bombardment, 63 bridges were destroyed, and 31 percent of the population were impossible to reach, even by phone. Dispatching the newspapers was impossible. One third of the population was almost completely cut off. The only way to reach them was with TV or radio signals. This was easier said than done because 18 radio and TV transmitters were totally destroyed or damaged and four of them were occupied.

Without electricity and in the face of a complete communications collapse, journalists came up with something what later came to be known as "interconnected transfer." After the transmitters were damaged, their signal covered just a narrow area around each station. It was impossible for even the national radio to cover the whole country or to even reach larger local stations that could re-transmit the signal. Interconnected transfer was the solution. It was simple: Journalists at a small local radio station that could catch the signal of national radio would listen to the program on their portable radios and then simply re-broadcast the signal live. The crew of the next small radio station would relay the signal again. Soon, the whole country was covered in the simplest possible way: local stations were re-broadcasting the program that was playing on their small portable radios.

In the name of the country

Thus, journalists solved one barrier — the technical one. The moral ones seemed to be much bigger. Inherently inhuman, war imposes special rules. It is up to each individual person how to balance the demands of their profession and the interests of their country. As repeatedly seen in this war, it is most difficult to balance emotions with what is commonly called objectivity.

It was during the time of the strongest attacks on Sarajevo when Christiane Amanpour



took her place before the camera to confront the president of the United States live from Sarajevo on CNN's "Global Forum," an interactive public meeting with journalists around the world. "As a leader of the free world, as leader of the only superpower, why has it taken you, the United States, so long to articulate a policy in Bosnia? Why, in the absence of policy, have you allowed the U.S. and the West to be held hostage to those who do have a clear policy, the Bosnian Serbs? And do you not think that the constant flip-flop of your administration on the issue of Bosnia sets a very dangerous precedent and would lead people such as Kim Il Sung or other strong people to take you less seriously than you would like to be taken?"

She addressed the question to the president live in front of millions. It wasn't just the question she asked that stirred emotions but the way she, as a journalist, took a side. Her colleagues once again tried to answer the never-ending question of objectivity in the war. "Did Amanpour's passion for the story, driven by the human misery she had witnessed, overwhelm her journalistic sensibilities?" asked her colleague Sherry Ricchiardi, in her AJR article "Over the Line?" where she reported how journalists argued the issue of being just an observer and not taking sides in war reporting.

"Just a pure act of reporting the immorality you witness on the ground of Bosnia makes you an advocate. You don't always get two sides of the story, particularly in wartime," says Marvin Stone, a former editor of *U.S. News and World Report* who covered the Korean and Vietnam wars.

Bob Steele of the Poynter Institute for Media Studies believes that presenting the other side in the interest of the neutral reporting is "simple minded." Amanpour agrees: "With this war, it was not possible for a human being to be neutral."

But David Binder, veteran foreign correspondent of the *New York Times* who covered Eastern and Central Europe since the 1960s, begs off targeting individuals for their "propaganda-style" reporting out of Bosnia, but he cautions against journalists "playing God."

"Our job is to report from all sides, not to play favorites."

Bouncing between Robopaths and Advocates, serving the public and serving the country, journalists found themselves once again under public scrutiny. But foreign reporters in Croatia were covering a third-party

war in which they were bystanders. There was little risk of being labeled "unpatriotic." The feelings of journalists dealing with the war in their own country were more complex.

During a May 1993 conference in Zagreb titled "The Role of Media in Democracy?" one of the key questions that Croatian journalists asked was: "Is it possible to be a good journalist and a good patriot at the same time when your country is at war, struggling for survival?" "Which is the most important, reporting truthfully about what is going on in the war or protecting the image of your country?"

Mato Biljak, a young Croatian photo-journalist, put it this way: "It is shocking when you see the first house that is totally torn down, the first killed man, the first killed child, but



after seeing hundreds of killed you don't feel much ... it's the faces of the survived who start telling the story of despair.

"My worst experience was in Vinkovci when I saw a 13-year-old girl massacred by an exploding shell. Your professional nerve makes you take a photo, but a few hours later total horror goes through your body and you only want to scream. The most professional thing to do would be to stay calm and unbiased, but I think it is impossible. You are a journalist but you are also a Croat, you share the destiny of this people and this country. We are not shooting this as foreign reporters who make \$1,000 for one photo..." (Slobodna Dalmacija, January 1992)

Unfortunately, the saga of human inhumanity wasn't ended with this war. The region is in the flame again and journalists are, day by day, proving that their messages are both the most devastating missiles and the most powerful weapon against the violence.

Robopaths or Advocats, they are soldiers of the profession.



One culture does not fit all

Small countries, such as New Zealand, must protect their identity

The Muppets was my first experience of global culture, though of course I did not know it. Jim Henson's Muppets started in 1976 and finished in 1981. These were five formative years for me, from age 3 to 8. I was just one of 234 million people watching the show. The Muppets transcended national boundaries, we watched the continuing saga of Miss Piggy's unrequited love and journeyed through space with the pigs. And of course there was the purple kiwi who loved his chickens (Americans thought it was a turkey, but we knew better).

Henson's popularity led *Time* magazine in June 1998 to say "his work...(sustained) the qualities of fancifulness, warmth and consideration that (we) have seen so threatened by our coarse cynical age." Then one day Kermit's voice died with Jim Henson. The same mass media that had brought him to me took him away.

With underlying stereotypes of the bald eagle and foreign-sounding evil Muppets, they were a forerunner of our much-glorified "global society." The idea of globality is not new; in fact, my uneasy feeling that world culture is being undermined by American culture was thought of back in the 1930s. Wittgenstein, a German philosopher, often bemoaned the cheapening of culture and the Americanisation of life. That he went to school with Adolf Hitler should not make us ignore this message cautioning against the good olde USA. The fact is that the invasiveness of the American culture was as strong then as it is now, but it consisted of print, radio, and film, rather than our modern Internet and global TV.

A recent definition of globalization is that it

is a "stretching process" that intensifies worldwide relations to the point that local happenings are shaped by events occurring many miles away and vice versa. On a personal level, my grief for Jim Henson, an American entertainer, was just what Wittgenstein feared. So as I sit watching "Seinfeld," e-mailing my friends at aol.com (note: no additional country code), and discussing *Independence Day*, how am I still a New Zealander? Perhaps only in my childhood experiences.

Every Sunday night my mother would wash us, clean all our clothes, beds etc., and we

would have scones and Watties tomato soup for dinner. Then the New Zealand icons, the "Dog Show" and "Spot On," would be our night's viewing. If I was especially lucky, I would be allowed to watch the goodnight kiwi and the cat shut down TV1. Ahhh... the sense of culture, of nationhood, of oneness with my

fellow New Zealanders...until TV1 went 24 hours with infomercials for American exercise equipment and the kiwi and cat were ditched. Today, New Zealand television desperately forces our culture on us with "Kiwiana" and "Kiwi as," an hour of concentrated, cost-efficient "Kiwiness." Of course, the TV1 advert reminds us all that "Together we're one, together we're going strong, together we're feeling good as we should, here's where we belong, together we're New Zealand," and then proceeds to play the CNN look-a-like Network News.

Advertising says a lot about a culture. My current favourite is where a young African-American tells me not to worry about image, just drink their product. New Zealand ads, and

A recent definition of globalization is that it is a "stretching process" that intensifies worldwide relations to the point that local happenings are shaped by events occurring many miles away and vice versa.



By
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NEW ZEALAND



our response to them, show a more dry wit. The cunning old hill country shepherd who sends his young sidekick to get the last difficult sheep on the false promise of the last beer is (despite its obvious harking to a "golden age" of New Zealand) a far more convincing image. The graffiti pictured above also captures this.

Graffiti is an example of New Zealand pop culture. This example was actually a commissioned example for Vincent's Community Art Workshop. However, the graffiti on top of the artwork is an example of intertextuality, a piece of artwork depicting graffiti with a piece of graffiti almost in an answer to a question.

Despite the growing "fringe" element to culture, it is the mass media that seems to control the development of our culture. Turning image into reality is the power of mass media. In spite of its power, our lives and culture is shaped by much more. My schooling was at primarily white middle-class schools. However, it took just a couple of teachers with an interest in Maori culture to make it a vivid part of my memories. At Khandallah School in Wellington, there was a great interest in Maori culture, in singing, performing both in Maori and in traditional English songs, and plays. This, not TV documentaries or advertising, has shaped my early culture and me. Early on, schooling shaped my view of culture more than mass media.

During my honeymoon my husband and I visited the Bay of Islands. In particular we made a journey that every New Zealander should make, to Waitangi. We visited the Maori meeting house and the European House side by side, we watched the history of New Zealand on video that is shown to the tourists, of the New Zealand wars. Even though I have very Irish and English roots, standing on the lawn at Waitangi, looking across the bay to the flagpole that Hone Heke chopped down not once, not twice but three times, was magical. During this trip my husband and I went to another place of high spiritual content, Cape Reinga. We went to the very end of New Zealand and looked out to see the Tasman Sea and the Pacific Ocean meet in a hostile but inevitable way, to see the Three Kings Islands where it is believed by Maori that their souls depart for the afterlife. At Cape Reinga, I wanted to have something apart from my memories of it to take away with me, and so I purchased a Ki~te. In purchasing this I was breaking the Maori tradition of a Ki~te, because it should be given as a gift not purchased. [A Ki~te is a Maori hand-woven flax basket, used to carry items. It is usually obtained by gift rather than purchase.] I was crossing a cultural barrier, although it was a Maori person who sold it to me; it was not something I should knowingly have purchased. I wanted a Ki~te, and it does mean something to me. It is very precious to me, a craft item that crosses into my white middle-class culture.

I did feel a great deal of cultural



significance when I attended the dawn ceremony of Te Papa (the new museum of New Zealand, Te Papa Tongarewa o Aotearoa). We joined half of Wellington, or maybe they joined us. It was a bewitching time with the Maori calls on the horn and the waka (a traditional Maori war canoe) coming in from the harbour. We did not go into the museum that day. We just wanted to share in the experience, not lighten it by waiting in queue for hours to see a brief glimpse of "our culture" in a neon-lined glass box. We just wanted to be part of the ceremony, as in New Zealand we seem to have few of these. It was a very Maori ceremony, and all around other white people were wondering why everything took so long to happen. It is times like that I feel culture, nationality. For ours is a culture of two peoples, still trying to understand why we should respect each other.

When I was growing up, apart from the All Blacks (the branding name for the New Zealand national rugby side), New Zealand seemed almost apologetic for its existence as a nation. New Zealand was laughed at around the world for having three million people and 70 million sheep. In New Zealand, the media took far more notice of breaking overseas stories than it did of local stories. When I was in Australia, the national news had mostly Australian content with few overseas stories. It was extremely rare to see New Zealand, its closest partner, mentioned except for unfortunate stories about shootings. Our news today places gruesome or spectacular pictures above any notion of nationality. It seems that gratification is visual; keeping an audience watching is paramount.

As with news stories, New Zealand favours international art. I think that an example of the effect of globalization of cultures on New Zealand is the Exhibition of the Century. New Zealand has been able to feature paintings that have never left their own nation before. This is positive and negative. Positive because it

shows that New Zealand matters on the international stage, but negative in the fact that in New Zealand there is an influential school of thought that believes "international art" is valued far beyond its own. A painting by Picasso is of more value to New Zealanders than a Goldieor McCahon original. (Goldie and McCahon are famous New Zealand painters, primarily of Maori paintings.)

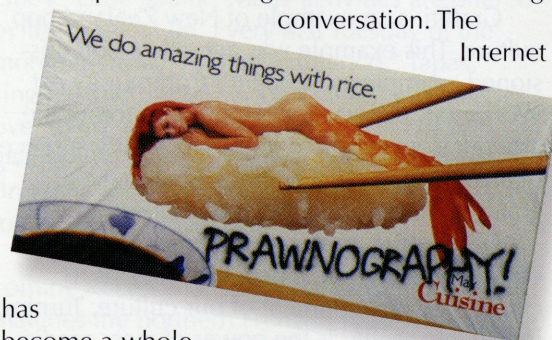
The Internet has been described as "a sort of international cocktail party" allowing you to flit from person to person, looking for the most interesting conversation. The Internet has become a whole new culture where people make friends and find "inspiration, consolation in times of loss, support in times of self-doubt, information and just plain fun."

However, with the Internet, nationality is irrelevant. I can order a Kilmartin Sessions Celtic CD from Ireland over the Internet; it doesn't matter to them that I am in New Zealand. I am speaking an international language of Internet; they only need to know my nationality when they need my snail mail address to post it to me. Until then, my Visa number is all they need.

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When my husband read a book that he really liked, he found the e-mail address of the author and e-mailed him. It did not matter that the author was in San Francisco. He has kept in contact and become friends. In December 1997, the author and his friends visited New Zealand. We cooked them a New Zealand Christmas Eve dinner consisting of roast lamb, mint sauce, and plenty of sheep jokes. This was



the power of the Internet to bring people together, allowing them to communicate across national boundaries. It raised my sense of nationhood and culture as a thing to preserve, while at the same time participating in a global medium. We plan to visit our newfound friends in San Francisco. No doubt we'll learn some of the "Bay" culture (if there is any that hasn't already made its way here).

I feel a great sense of pride in Wellington as well as in New Zealand. We have a cafe society, a theatre society, and a place to be Wellingtonians, Civic Square. In this square there are throwbacks (not necessarily great ones) of Ancient Rome, with the winding Council buildings, shaped like a half amphitheatre. It is interesting to note the new sculpture in the middle of Civic Square to be a globe with a Kiwi touch of a silver fern winding round it. I am not sure what the artist was saying, but to me it is communicating that New Zealand is part of a global culture.

But is a global culture one we want to get into? Will we be buying New Zealand-made beyond 2000? Or will New Zealand be a suburb of Australia, or of the good olde USA? Enculturation should be of real concern to countries such as New Zealand who are small, who are unique. We must protect our identity from the large, invasive countries like the USA. One culture does not fit all! The world is rich because of its diversity. Take that away and the world becomes one large

shopping mall, where the car park stretches for miles, and the only way to see cultures is to see a film with buttered popcorn and Coca Cola. Global society is a nice way of bringing the world closer, but in doing so, it may crush cultures. Countries like New Zealand have to exhibit extreme caution before further jumping onto the "global is best" bandwagon.

The kiwifruit has already become a Zespri. How long before there will be mere stories of a small nation that used to exist, who had a man who was the first to climb Mount Everest, a black boat that won a certain cup, and an awesome squad of team sportsmen who wore a black uniform but now play American gridiron, eat apple pie, wear Levis, and watch MTV.

Global society is one culture fits all. Cultures are now to be treasured and remembered, but have been placed in the past tense. People are now not defined by what culture they come from; there has been a politically correct shift away from this. It is best if race is not mentioned, so that the world can get on with capitalism. The only culture the world belongs to is the almighty dollar. The world needs its uniqueness within cultures. Advances in communication and technology enables the world to share in the diversity of nations, but should not destroy what makes them unique.





My first steps into the path of communications study

"Attention young people! We would like to offer you our own discussion board each Thursday with topics just for you! Nonetheless, what are your interests? What would you like to read in your newspaper? Many of our journalism colleagues have spent so much time thinking over these questions. Today, we say: young people should decide on their own what they think is interesting to them."



By
**Susanne
Schmidt**
Universität Trier
GERMANY

My name is Susanne Schmidt and I am a 20-year-old freshman communications, German, and management major at the Universität Trier in Germany. The above statement was published in March 1998 in the local edition of *Saarbruecker Zeitung*, a newspaper from the area of Saarland in southwest Germany. It inspired me to call in and attend my first editorial meeting of the youth page called "Jump."

Since then I have written many humorous and hopefully interesting articles that range from features such as biographies of musicians to news about computer freaks. In addition, during that time I have met many interesting and nice people who have inspired me even more. Most of all, I have learned and experienced things that cannot be learned anywhere else. For example, spending endless time on the phone trying to make appointments with people from various backgrounds.

After my high school graduation I was looking for new area of study, and I chose mass communications as the way to go. You see, the study of German does not currently have a bright future here in Germany. "Mass communications, that does not sound bad!" These were my thoughts after I read an article about the newly established communications major at the Universität Trier. Today, I would like to write you a little about our communications department as well.

The communications major in Trier offers many options: radio, television, film, print, and online media. I have already experienced a little in the newspaper; nonetheless, Web design and online publishing were the areas that reached my limits. "So, what should I do?" I asked myself. "Offense is the best defense" was the answer from the top of my head. So, a few days later I signed up for a position in the voluntary Web design staff that updates, maintains, and creates the Web pages of our communications department. My first words were: "Hi, my name is Susanne and I have no clue about computers!"

Well, many things have changed since then. With the help and patience of my great colleagues, I have improved my ability to create Web pages, and together with my friend Tanja proudly created a new page called the Link of the Week. Although our online staff consist of eight students, it is a lot of fun to work there. By the way, we get all excited when we get emails!

Our new communications department tries to give students more from the world of media. The study starts during the first semester with a class called Introduction to Mass Communications. This seminar provides the theoretical background of the four dimensions in our communications program. The most difficult thing in this class was probably the presentation. Each student has to research a specific



'Jump' editorial staff. Susanne Schmidt is the one on the phone.

topic and prepare a long presentation for the rest of the class.

In addition to this seminar, there are many other communications classes that explore a broad range of topics. For example, in the class called "Alfred Hitchcock and His Films," we had the opportunity to see famous Hitchcock movies in the original format. Movies such as *The Birds*, *Psycho*, and *The Lodger* and the study of the film in general were really worth the two hours of credit.

Also, communications students at Trier often have the opportunity to go on field trips and excursions. This year, for instance, we could travel to Karlsruhe to the Center for Media Technology and Art. This institute offers many interactive ways to enter the world of multimedia. On the first floor, one can

experience virtual reality of cycling or acting on a stage. The ground floor, on the other hand, serves as a showroom for multimedia artists who present their work with all the techno effects and light gizmos.

There are many requirements to get a communications degree at Trier. Beside the requirement of a six-week internship in a media-related area, students have to take an important midterm study exam conducted after two years of study. Also, only 40 students are accepted to the program each year, so the entry selection also has high standards. For example, one has to have a 3.5 GPA on a high school transcript. However, once accepted, the study is truly exciting. After all, there is something for everyone in the area of communications!

Medienwissenschaft

Universität Trier



Berlin

the future megapolis of united Europe

*"This day's an invitation
And it's just for you
You've got a reservation
For the 17th of June
Open your eyes
And let the sun break in for a while
There may be something
That you have never seen inside..."*

Driving on the autobahn A2 to Berlin, I tuned to this 1984 song from Alphaville called "Summer in Berlin." My head was picturing the city that I had visited as a child. Back then it was a city within the walls; today, it is the city of the future. To introduce Berlin and its atmosphere to the average Midwesterner is not an easy task. There are hundreds of places to visit, and each gives one a different perspective. Nevertheless, here is my photograph of Berlin.

I started my tour at the Zoo Station (Berlin Zoologische Garten) in the heart of the former West Berlin. The railroad station got famous by U2, who carried the name Zoo Station to the rest of the world. In reality, however, the Zoo Station is a center for drug dealers, thieves, and the Russian mafia. The German police significantly reduced the crime rate around the area, but if you visit it, take care of your belongings.

Just around the corner from the Zoo Station is the Europa Center and the ruin of the Memorial Church (Gedächtniskirche) standing as a reminder of tragedy and pain of World War II. The Memorial Church contrasts in a timeless shadow the shops and buildings around it. You may spend a nice day in the area, for example, by taking a walk on the well-known Kurfürstendamm avenue.

It is cold in Berlin in the winter, but its

streets are the pulse and the heartbeat that make one feel warm. The city is alive more than any other in Europe. Each street tells a different story, and one feels the nostalgic cult on every step.

Although united, there is a difference between the East and West parts.

My tour continued the next day with the walk on the Street of 17th of June that runs through the biggest park in Berlin, the Tiergarten. In the summer this street hosts the biggest techno/rave party in the world called The Loveparade. Last year about five million people joined the parade.

In the middle of Tiergarten stands the Siegessäule, in my opinion the second most impressive monument after the Brandenburg Gate. The Siegessäule is Berlin's Statue of Liberty. The power of the beauty of the lady with wings standing day and night above Berlin's sky catches the attention for miles around.

Not far away from the Siegessäule stands the famous Brandenburg Gate. In the time of the Cold War it was the most visible point of separation between East and West Berlin. Today it is the symbol of unity of German people. I have enjoyed the

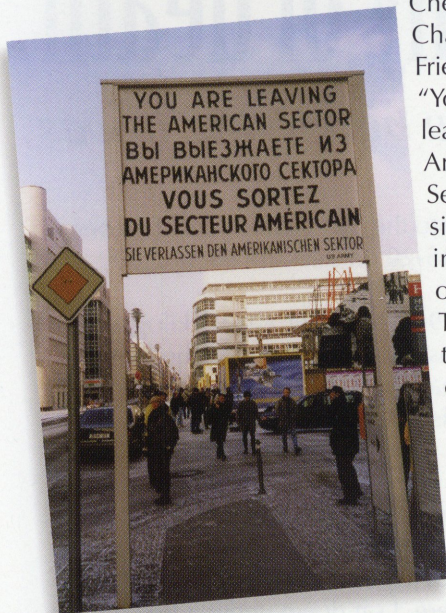


By
**Michael
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Missouri
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(Germany)



view of it and the whole Pariser Platz for many moments.

The quest for history brought me later to Checkpoint Charlie in the Friedrichstrasse. "You are leaving the American Sector," a big sign still says in the middle of the street. There were three checkpoints between the Soviet and American sector during the Cold War.



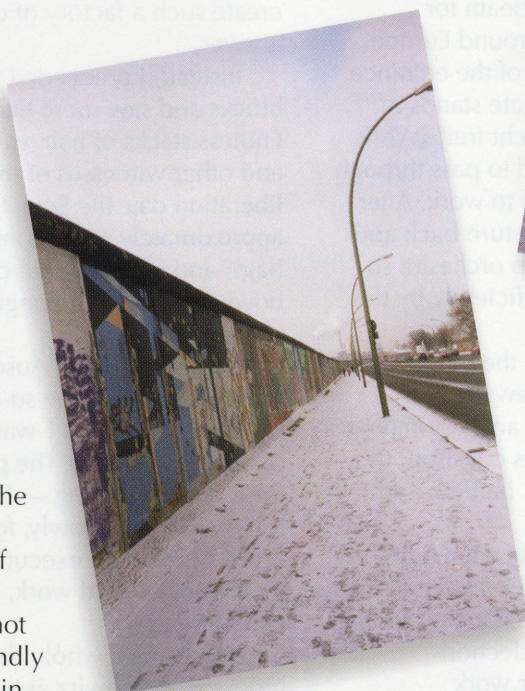
the Potsdamer Platz, all the streets are reconstructed, and wherever you look there are people working, making the city the future megapolis of united Europe.

Checkpoint Charlie is the most known. Today, there is a museum that features detailed historic exposition of the life between the walls.

Only a few kilometers of the original old Wall remain in the so-called East-Side Gallery. It is painted with much graffiti that picture the thoughts and feelings of German people. One that will stay with me says: "Many small people who in many small places do many small things can alter the face of the world...."

There are dozens of other places to visit in Berlin. However, it is not just places but the friendly people who make Berlin unique. Many original cafes, restaurants, and bars bring the mood of the Metropolis of the 20s combined with the cult of the futuristic 90s. Especially in the former East part I felt such an atmosphere.

Today, Berlin is the biggest construction site in the world. New buildings are being built at



*"...Summer in Berlin, It's alright
The day feels so tired
From the lead in the air
And the fire in the skies
Life seemed to be a fault of grace
But it's OK
It gave you a kiss
In the middle of the crossroads..."*



Auschwitz: the tyranny of death

Everyone should pay a visit to realize how horrifying it was

"For ever let this place be a cry of despair and a warning to humanity, where the Nazis murdered about one and a half million men, women, and children, mainly Jews from various countries of Europe." (Auschwitz-Birkenau 1940-45)

It was a cold morning that day — the fog covered the view of the streets and I felt the strange cold of this place. I was slowly approaching one of the biggest concentration camps of World War II, Auschwitz.

For five long years the name Auschwitz aroused fear among the populations of the Nazi-occupied territories. It was established in 1940 as an instrument of terror and extermination of Poles. As time passed by, it became a place of horror and death for thousands of people from all around Europe.

I will never forget the view of the entrance to the camp. Above the main gate stands a cynical inscription: "Arbeit macht frei" (Work brings freedom). Prisoners used to pass through this gate each day on their way to work. After 12 hours or more they would return back and march to the sound of the camp orchestra so they could be counted more efficiently by the SS.

In 1942 Auschwitz became the main center for the mass extermination of Jews. Upon arrival the newcomers' clothes and belongings were confiscated, their hair was cut short, they were sprayed with disinfectant, bathed, and finally registered.

However, most of the people were killed immediately upon arrival in gas chambers. They entered the underground changing room where they passed the initial selection-segregation into fit and unfit for work categories. Then they were told to undress, and were let into a second underground chamber resembling a bathroom. They were assured to get a bath.

Showers were installed into the ceiling, but they were never connected to a water supply. Instead, the deadly substance Cyclon B would

be poured into the 235-square-foot chamber and within 15-20 minutes kill about 2,000 victims.

During 1942-43 about 20,000 kilograms of Cyclon B was used. According to the former camp commandant Hoess, it took only 5 to 7 kg of the poison to kill about 1,500 people. The dead bodies were then burned in the surrounding crematoriums. On an average day, about 350 bodies were burned.

After visiting the gas chambers and picturing with my own eyes what had happened here, I sat down under a tree. I have never seen anything more horrifying than this. I sat there and wondered how could anything like this happen, what man or animal would create such a factory of death. I never got an answer.

Instead, I proceeded to the surrounding blocks and saw more evidence of death. Endless stacks of hair, suitcases, shoes, glasses, and other witnesses of the Nazi terror. On the liberation day, the Soviet army discovered approximately seven tons of hair, packed into bags, and many tons of clothes, shoes, brushes, bowls, and other belongings piled in the warehouses.

On every step in Auschwitz I felt the tyranny of death. The so-called Wall of Death standing by Block 11 was a place for hundreds of executions daily. The prisoners were killed for literally anything — for picking an apple, for working too slowly, for saying a word, etc. If not killed in an execution, the prisoners died from hunger, hard work, or cruel medical experiments.

It took me a whole day to visit all the cell-blocks in Auschwitz as well as the nearby situated camp of Birkenau. When recalling my thoughts and experiences from that trip, I concluded that everyone should see this place and realize how horrifying it was. For then one will find a tremendous admiration and respect for those who fought and died in Auschwitz as well as in World War II.



By
Michael Raska
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We must constantly remind ourselves: The tragedy at Hiroshima

*"...let all the souls here rest in peace;
For we shall not repeat the evil..."*
(Memorial Monument for Hiroshima, City of peace)

A white flash. At the same instant, searing heat and blast whirlwinds. Flames rushed through the city. Later, black rain beat down on these people still running about trying to escape. Gradually, a circle of motionless death spread outward from the center of the city. From these ruins, Hiroshima was born.



By
**Michael
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Missouri
Southern State
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(Germany)

I have read books about Hiroshima, seen pictures and films, and now I was on the way to see the city with my own eyes. Traveling on board the Nozumi Shinkansen Superexpress from Osaka, I was trying to imagine what I would see. However, my thoughts and expectations never got any closer to the painful reality that happened here.

It was on August 6, 1945, at 8:15 a.m., when the United States Air Force bomber bearing the name Enola Gay dropped the atomic bomb on the peaceful city of Hiroshima. With a blinding flash, the bomb detonated approximately 580 meters above the city center. The heat rays and blast burned and crushed nearly all buildings within 2 kilometers of the hypocenter, taking thousands of lives. Those who managed to survive, their burned and bloodied clothes hanging in tatters, clambered over the rubble to flee the city.

At the instant of detonation, the temperature at the center exceeded a million degrees Celsius, generating an enormous

fireball. Within one second of detonation, it had extended to its maximum diameter of 280 meters. Temperatures on the surface reached 5,000 C. In addition to the heat and radioactive rays, an extremely high pressure of several hundred thousand atmospheres was created.

The surrounding air was thrust violently outwards and produced an intensively strong blast. The blast pressure 500 meters from the hypocenter was an enormous 15 tons per square meter. Buildings were crushed and people were blown in the air. In an instant, the city was almost entirely destroyed; thousands of precious lives were lost.

More than a half century later, my eyes locked on the A-bomb Dome whose ruins remained. Feelings of sorrow and anger embraced my heart for I could not understand why. The evidence of the tragedy has touched me deeply. I can't describe in words my thoughts when seeing the belongings, photos, and other materials of the victims displayed in the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum.

One of the most tragic sites that I encountered was the Human Shadow in Stone. It was found 260 meters from the hypocenter where someone was sitting on the entrance steps of a bank. The heat blast whitened the stone steps except where the person was sitting. That part remains dark like a shadow.

Other displays such as burned school uniforms, melted bottles, and pictures taken after the explosion affected me as well. Nevertheless, the most painful were the actual stories and fates of the victims. For example, paper cranes (origami) folded by Sadako Sasaki. She was exposed to the A-bomb when she was 2 years old. Ten years later, she entered the Red Cross Hospital with radiation-related leukemia. Despite the pain from her disease, she faithfully folded paper cranes in hopes of a cure. She died eight months later.



Leaving Hiroshima, I promised myself to show the horrors of this tragedy to people around the world who did not give a thought to the message coming from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We should destroy all the nuclear weapons to ensure that there will be no more Hiroshimas. We should appeal to the governments of all around the world to remind them of the victims of Hiroshima. The world can never be a safe place if there are more than 20,000 nuclear warheads still remaining. Will the collective wisdom of human beings prove to be adequate to control this nuclear age?





Morocco:

unlike any other country

*Camel ride to isolated village
provides piece of the real culture*

Inspirational, fascinating, mysterious...these are a few from the many words that describe Morocco, an exotic kingdom located in northwest Africa. This Christmas break I had the opportunity to travel to Morocco and experience one of my most exciting adventures.

My expedition began with the arrival to the city of Agadir, located on the coast about 300 km south of Casablanca. It was a strange feeling of anxiety to step out of a plane and see palm trees surrounding the airport building. It was my first time to visit Africa and experience the Arabic culture.

"Welcome to Agadir, the temperature is 20 centigrades, follow me," said one of the many butlers who immediately took my bag. His unusual dedication to his job was reflected later in the unusually high tip he requested. I soon realized that every move a westerner makes in Morocco is accompanied by the hungry eyes of local business people who strive to make profit out of everything.

After a short night in the Club Almogar, a popular hotel located right on the beach, I went out to my first tour of Agadir. My destination was the Souk, a local market in the heart of the city. Souks are so large that you need at least three hours to see it. Spices, wicker work, dried fruits, olives, leather materials, and cheap copies of brand name clothing are the sight of every Souk.

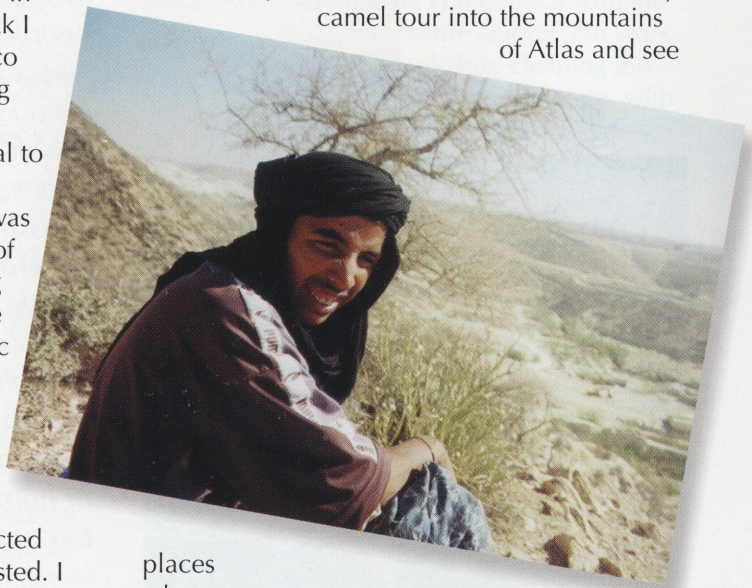
In the Arab world, most of the traders invite you to their store with a friendly attitude, but many of them use this as an aggressive strategy for you to walk in. If you refuse, they become even more "friendly" and inviting. In their

eyes, the word "no" does not mean "no," it means "not now but soon."

"The price is not important, I will make you a good price, come look, I have the best quality," you hear whenever you ask for the price. If you look interested in buying, the seller gives you a friendly face and an amazingly high price. Then you have to deal.

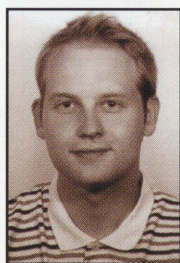
"No, that is too much, here is what I offer," and I wrote my offer on a piece of paper. The procedure goes on and on until a final price is negotiated. Often, many people are literally ripped off and pay five times more the value of the product. The local currency is Dirham (\$1 dollar = about 11 Dirhams). It is forbidden to bring in or carry out Dirhams from Morocco, so one has to change money upon arrival.

To escape the busy atmosphere of the Souk and the city, I decided to take an extraordinary camel tour into the mountains of Atlas and see



places where westerners are rare as rain in Sahara. I met my camel guide Rashid on the beach. He was a young and trustworthy man who knew everything about camels and the local customs. Rashid, as many other Moroccans who are in contact with travelers, spoke fluent German (although with a strong Arabic accent). Later, I discovered that he has never been to school and never learned to read or write.

With a sufficient supply of water and food, we took off on our camels and rode through local suburbs to the mountains. I felt like Indiana Jones as we passed local neighborhoods and dozen of children were running behind us and shouting in French "Bonjour monsieur!" They were happy if I smiled at them and said something back.

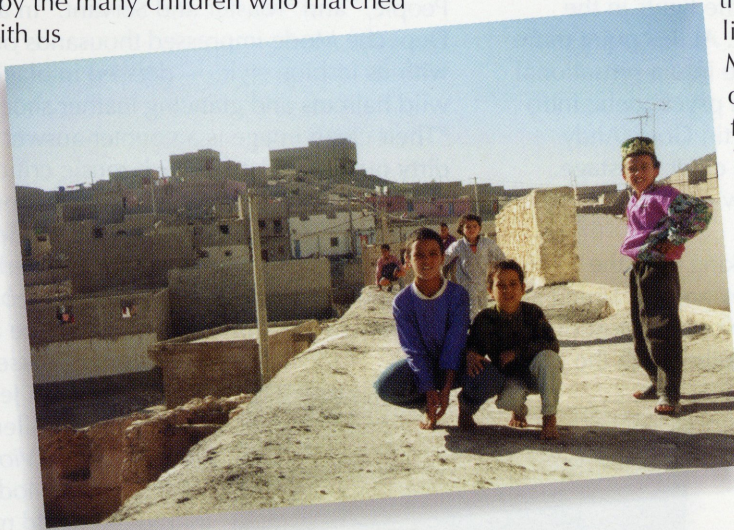


By
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After a four-hour ride, we reached the first of the three villages in the mountains. I have learned that there is only one water source for the whole village. (In other villages, there was no water at all and it had to be brought from as far as 15 miles.) Carrying water was a woman's job as well as house cleaning and food supply. The man's job was to bring money to the house.

As experienced before, our arrival was spotted by the many children who marched along with us



through the village. Their eyes were full of surprise and anxiety. In my bag I carried about 10 chocolates that I got in Germany and later gave them to children of the family who invited us for lunch. I have never seen happier faces in my life than theirs.

Due to Ramadan (the Muslim holy month), my host family did not eat or drink anything with me. However, they provided me with the best hospitality they could — I got to eat fresh-made cuzcus and fruits. We sat on a carpet and Rashid

served as a translator. We talked about their life, their joys and problems, and their hopes. I think the whole village enjoyed our presence, for not many travelers come and see them. The whole stay was a piece of the real culture and real life that I got to see in Morocco.

My next adventure was a trip to the city of Taroudant, located about 180 km from Agadir. However, it was marked by a misfortune since I had consumed water that was not boiled and

that made me sick. To give a little advice: if you visit Morocco, buy and drink only bottled mineral water from a store.

Taroudant is also a place for local people, so my presence received full attention on every corner. Being watched at every step made me feel uncomfortable, but I tried not to think about it. My interest was the old city walls dating back many centuries.

Upon arrival back in Agadir, I enjoyed the beautiful sunset on the beach and the spectacular night life of the Moroccan folklore in the streets. If it was a dance with a real cobra or listening to the loud

Arabic music, it made me feel I was a part of it.

Morocco was not like any other country I have visited before. It has opened the door to Africa for me and its memory will stay with me forever. In Shallalah (by god's will) I will come back...maybe ride a camel to the desert of Sahara or come and see Casablanca.

In the Arab world, most of the traders invite you to their store with a friendly attitude, but many of them use this as an aggressive strategy for you to walk in. If you refuse, they become even more "friendly" and inviting. In their eyes, the word "no" does not mean "no," it means "not now but soon."



Fans around the world can enjoy Depeche Mode on stage again

It's exactly 8:52 p.m. and the lights in the Cologne Arena turn dark. At this point more than 20,000 fans explode into a sensational ovation. First sounds of a psychedelic intro echo in the arena, and Martin Gore, Andy Fletcher, and David Gahan enter the stage. Depeche Mode starts a new show on its "Singles Tour 86>98."

The adrenaline gets kicking with the 1986 hit "Question of Time." They are screaming and singing to every song. No wonder. Most of the fans grew up in the 80s together with the music of Depeche Mode. Other great songs follow: "Policy of Truth," "World in My Eyes," "Behind the Wheel," "Enjoy the Silence," and many others. In two hours, Depeche Mode presents its best from its music career.

The band started in 1981 in Basildon, England. Vince Clark wrote the first songs. However, he left the group after the release of their first album, "Speak and Spell." Later, he formed Yazoo, and then the more successful Erasure.

Alan Wilder replaced Clark, and Depeche Mode got its hits to sound around the world. From 1981-85, the group produced synthi-hits like "Everything Counts," "Just Can't Get Enough," "People are

People," and "Master and Servant." In addition, Depeche Mode impressed thousands of fans with its fashion style — dressed in black, with wild haircuts and glancing leather shoes.

"Their clean image is a counter-answer to a dirty punk," said an English music critic. "Their synthy-sound is creative, innovative, and cool."

From 1981 to 1998, Depeche Mode released 35 singles, among them superhits like "Stripped" from the album *Black Celebration*, "Never Let Me Down Again," from the album *Music for the Masses*, as well as "Personal Jesus" and "Enjoy the Silence" from the album *Violator*.

Depeche Mode toured the world many times. During the gigantic 1993-94 "Devotional Tour," the sensitive frontman and singer David Gahan couldn't hold the pressure of being in the constant spotlight and found

escape in alcohol and drugs. On April 17, 1994, he attempted suicide by cutting his wrists, but was fortunately saved. On May 28, 1996, after a heroin overdose, Gahan was clinically dead for two minutes. An intensive rehab treatment followed.

Meanwhile, Alan Wilder left Depeche Mode to pursue his own project called Recoil. In 1997, Gahan returned to the studio, and the band recorded the album *Ultra* as a trio. Thousands of fans around the world now can enjoy Depeche Mode on stage again. Full of new energy, the band is back and puts on one great show after another.



By
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Chinese weddings can be large & costly

Hello! My name is Liu Yang and I am a 23-year-old girl from the Republic of China. Currently, I am attending the mid-level courses of German language at the Universität Trier. Although my ability to speak German or English is very limited, I would like to tell you a little about a wedding in China.

China has very few churches, therefore many Chinese couples often marry in a restaurant. This is a modern way to marry. A good wedding typically hosts about 300 to 400 people!

In a traditional way, the wedding takes place at home. All the relatives and friends of the married couple attend the wedding. The bride wears a traditional red Chinese dress and a red headscarve that covers her face. The groom is also dressed in red ceremonial clothes and wears an additional hat with two long stripes.

At the beginning of the ceremony, the couple has to bow three times. First, they bow to each other, which means the marriage will be in harmony. The second bow goes to their parents to show respect. Finally, they bow to the Heaven and the Earth showing that a baby will be soon born. By bowing, the couple is officially married.

In the old days, every guest would bring a present. Today, guests provide money for the couple — each guest should give at least \$40. A wedding in China can be expensive; it can cost up to \$15,000. However, this amount is often paid back by the guests and parents who provide the necessary financial support.



By
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